



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

# Jacob Abbott's Stories



MARY OSBORNE



600067946







MARY OSBORNE

## JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES

---

1. JUNO AND GEORGIE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
2. MARY OSBORNE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
3. JUNO ON A JOURNEY. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
4. HUBERT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.







*Frontispiece.*

# MARY OSBORNE

BY

JACOB ABBOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN," ETC., ETC.

*A NEW EDITION*

London

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

27, PATERNOSTER ROW

—  
MDCCCLXXXIII.

251. 8. 959.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED,  
CITY ROAD.

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAP.	PAGE
I. MARY OSBORNE'S HERMITAGE .. ..	1
II. MARY OSBORNE LEARNING A LESSON ..	10
III. THE LESSON LEARNED .. .. .	17
IV. MARY OSBORNE LIKES THE LESSON SHE LEARNED .. .. .	24
V. MARY OSBORNE CHOOSING THE SCHOLARS	29
VI. MARY OSBORNE ORGANIZES HER CLASS ..	38
VII. THE STORY OF MR BULLARD'S PEAR-TREE ..	46
VIII. THE STUPID LITTLE THING .. ..	55
IX. MARY OSBORNE AND LITTLE SAMMY ..	63
X. THE MAP .. .. .	71
XI. TEACHING THE DOCTRINES .. ..	79
XII. FAULT-FINDING .. .. .	86
XIII. MRS WAKEMAN'S MANAGEMENT .. ..	93
XIV. LITTLE JOHNNY .. .. .	101
XV. A SUNDAY-SCHOOL VISITOR .. ..	108
XVI. THE COMPOSITIONS .. .. .	116

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. A VISIT FROM JOHNNY .. ..	124
XVIII. MODE OF DEALING WITH DISOBEDIENCE ..	131
XIX. TEACHING CHILDREN TO OBEY .. ..	139
XX. THE TRIALS .. ..	146
XXI. LOOKING AFTER THE BOYS .. ..	153
XXII. EUGENE .. ..	158
XXIII. THE STORY BEGUN .. ..	166
XXIV. THE STORY CONCLUDED .. .	175
XXV. A WORK OF ART .. ..	183

# MARY OSBORNE.

---

## CHAPTER I

### MARY OSBORNE'S HERMITAGE.



MARY OSBORNE was a most excellent Sunday-school teacher. In learning to be a good Sunday-school teacher, she took her first lesson a long time before she began to teach. She learned this lesson in rather a curious way. It happened thus :

It was when she was about twelve years old, and she was away from home at a boarding-school. One of her best friends at the time was a girl of about the same age with herself named Augustina. The school was kept in a large and handsome house, with beautiful grounds around it. At the foot of the garden was a gate, and a path beyond, which led along the bank of a pretty stream, and thence over a stile, into the woods, and through the woods to the borders of a pond. The main road from the village came by this pond, and at the spot where the road came nearest to it, there was a smooth place leading down to the margin of the water,

the side of a mountain, where he could look down over a broad extent of country, full of scenes of busy industry, with views of villages and towns, and people at work in the fields, and carriages travelling along the roads, and locomotives and trains of cars running on the railways, and boats and vessels sailing on rivers and canals.

One Saturday, when the girls of the school were leaving the table at the close of the dinner, Mary Osborne took Augustina aside and proposed that they should go to the hermitage that afternoon. Augustina readily agreed to this proposal. \* About half-an-hour afterward they set out. They each had a book to read, and each of them had also a cake wrapped up in a paper, which they carried in their hands. They were going to read and play about in the hermitage an hour or two, and then have a sort of pic-nic, with their two cakes. Each of them had also an orange in her pocket, a piece of which was to serve for drink.

Thus equipped, the two girls set out from the house, and passing through the garden they entered upon the path at the end of it, and walked along very pleasantly in company, one behind the other, however, on account of the path being narrow. They crossed the brook several times by means of little bridges, for the path lay sometimes on one side of the brook and sometimes on the other. At length they came to the wood. They proceeded

very slowly through the wood, their attention being attracted by a great many curious and pretty wild flowers which they saw growing among the brakes and moss under the trees, and once they stopped several minutes to listen to a bird that was singing very sweetly from the top of a tall tree.

At length they reached the place where the path came out into the road, very near their hermitage. They accordingly left the path, and turning this way and that, between and around the clumps of bushes, they finally arrived at the little green opening, and they both danced for joy to find themselves there.

They then stood still a few minutes on the beach looking off over the water of the pond. Here and there they saw blooming on the top of the water a beautiful pond-lily, and they wished very much that they could reach some of them. Now and then, too, a big frog would rise to the surface and show his head among the lily-pads, uttering at the same time an exclamation which sounded like Tubh! After a while they sat down upon their seats and began to read. They had not been reading long when they heard voices as of persons coming down to the watering-place. They peeped between the trees and saw that the voices came from two boys. They found out afterwards that one of the boys was named George and the other Johnny. Johnny was quite a small boy.

‘This is the place, Johnny,’ said George, ‘Now



we must pick up all the stones we can find, and get them ready, and then watch the water, and just as soon as we see a head come up above the lily-pads we must let drive.'

In a word, George had brought Johnny down to the shore of the pond at the watering-place, with a view of pelting the poor frogs that lived in the water there, among the lily-pads and bulrushes which grew at a little distance from the shore.

There is something quite charming in the stillness and quiet that reigns in the little world which is formed by the lilies and bulrushes, and other such plants, reposing so serenely in the warm water that fills the little coves and indentations of the shore in such a pond as this, while the frogs, and polliwogs, and turtles, and little fishes paddle and play and swim about all day long among the floating stems, and under the green leaves which lie upon the surface. The leaves of the pond-lily are quite large, and they lie floating upon the water, all the time as it were breathing the air from the upper side, and drinking in the water, so far as they get thirsty, from the lower. The reason why these leaves are called *lily-pads*, is, I suppose, because they lie so flat upon the water. They grow upon long stems, which come up from the bottom, and which curl a little as they grow, so as to form a spiral, like a corkscrew, and thus the stems can be stretched out or drawn in as the water in the pond

risers and falls, so that the leaf can always lie floating on the surface.

The reason why the water in the pond rises and falls is on account of the rain. In times of long rain, storms, or heavy showers, a great quantity of water falls over all the country around the pond, and this water runs swiftly down in all the little brooks and streams, and when it reaches the pond, it spreads over it in every direction, and makes it fuller than it was before. Then all the lily-pads floating on the surface are lifted up, and their spiral stems are uncoiled a little.

Afterwards, when for a great many days or weeks there is very little rain, but instead of this the sun is shining brightly all the time upon the pond, and drying up the water, and perhaps some of the water is running away all the while through an outlet stream,—then the surface of the pond subsides, and lets the lily-pads down a little, and so the stems curl up again.

All this time, the leaves lying on the surface are drawing nourishment from the air above, and from the water below, and forming sap which passes down the stem to the root, and there a little bud is developed which gradually pushes its way up through the water, forming and lengthening its stem as it grows, until it reaches the surface. Then it opens its cup and blooms into a lily, and the yellow anthers and pistils, as they are named by the

botanists, or the little yellow *jiggles*, as the children call them, in the centre of the flower, go to work to form seeds, from which to produce new lilies the next year. When the seeds are fully formed, the little jiggles wither away and die, and the white leaves about them fall off, and the seeds, when they are ripe, sink to the bottom of the pond, and there, when the time comes, they sprout and grow.

All this time, too, the frogs, and the turtles, and the little fishes are enjoying themselves very much in swimming about among the lily-stems and laying their eggs in places where the sun and the warm water can hatch them. When the frog's eggs are hatched they become polliwogs. These polliwogs swim about in great numbers, just by wiggling their tails. They are propellers at first, though they become more like side-wheel steamers at last, for they grow larger and larger all the while, until at length, when they get pretty big, little sprouts, as it were, come out from their sides, which in the end grow into legs, with webbed feet at the end of them. As soon as the legs and the feet are grown, the polliwogs swim with them and give up their tails. Thus they become frogs, just like their father and mother.

There are so many analogies to be traced in all the different grades and varieties of living things that I should not wonder if there was something like a feeling of enjoyment in the very lily-pad, as

it floats so gently upon the warm surface of the water, with the sun shining upon its upper side. I think, at any rate, there can be no doubt but that the frog feels an enjoyment in swimming about in the water, and in coming up to bask in the sun. Indeed he seems to express his satisfaction on such occasions as well as he can, by crying out Tubh !

It was those poor frogs that George had come with Johnny to pelt with stones.

## CHAPTER II.

## MARY OSBORNE LEARNING A LESSON.



MARY OSBORNE and Augustina sat together behind the screen of rocks and bushes, and peeped out to the place where the two boys, George and Johnny, were standing near the shore of the pond, prepared to pelt the frogs with stones. The boys had each collected a little pile of stones as a store of ammunition, and now they stood, each armed with one of the stones, all ready to throw it so soon as a frog should appear.

‘Tubh!’ said one of the frogs.

‘There!’ exclaimed George, ‘don’t you hear him, Johnny?’

‘Yes,’ replied Johnny, ‘but I don’t see him.’

‘He is out that way,’ said George, and then suddenly he threw the stone with great force. The two girls heard the splash it made in the water but could not see where it struck.

‘Did you hit him?’ asked Johnny.

‘I don’t know,’ said George. ‘I did not see him; I only fired at a venture.’

'They are pelting the frogs,' said Augustina, in a whisper.

'Yes,' replied Mary Osborne, speaking also very softly. 'Do you think we had better go and tell them they must not do it?'

'No,' said Augustina. 'That would not do any good. They are such big boys. They will do just as they have a mind to for all that we can say.'

'One of them is not very big,' said Mary Osborne.

'No, Johnny is a small boy,' replied Augustina, 'but he will do just as the big one says. Besides, if we say anything to them, it is as likely as not that they will begin to pelt us with their stones. But hark! Here is somebody coming.'

Augustina began gently to push away some of the leaves so that she could see better.

'It is a man coming on a horse,' said she. 'He is turning down from the road. He is coming to water his horse. I hope he will find out what the boys are doing, and will give them a good scolding.'

The man upon the horse did find out what the boys were doing, for George was in the act of throwing a stone when the man first came in sight of him, as he turned down toward the beach. And he did give them a good scolding—at least what the boys called such, although the man himself considered that he was only reasoning and expostulating with them on the wickedness of their con-

duct in tormenting harmless animals merely for sport. He told them that it was the duty of all persons, boys as well as men, to promote enjoyment in the world, and not suffering. That God had made the inferior animals subject to man, not that he might tyrannize over them and torment them, but rather that he might protect them in their enjoyments; and that we ought never to molest any animals except when they were injurious to us, or could be made in some way to subserve the welfare and happiness of man, who being a creature of a much higher nature than they, was entitled to make use of them when it was necessary to do so, but that he had no right wantonly to torment them, or inflict pain with no useful purpose.

He said, moreover, that God who watched them all the time, whatever they were doing, would be greatly displeased with them for tormenting any of his innocent creatures.

The boys stood still, looking off sullenly over the pond, while the man was talking to them, taking what he said simply as a scolding. It was not, in fact, a scolding at all. The man was very quiet and gentle in his manner, and did not find any fault at all directly for what they had done. He only reasoned with them on the nature of such conduct, and attempted to convince them by sound arguments that they ought not to do so.

What he said, moreover, though, as will pre-

sently appear, it produced no immediate effect, was still well calculated to do the boys good in the end. It made an impression upon their minds which, though it was fruitless for the time, they could not easily remove, and tended in the end, by conspiring with other good influences brought to bear upon them at various times and in various ways, to make them two very good boys.

All the time while the man had been talking with the boys, his horse had been drinking. The horse having now drank enough, the man turned him round and went back toward the road, saying as he went,

‘Now, remember, boys! When I am gone, leave the frogs alone, and don’t pelt them any more.’

So saying, the man and the horse disappeared.

‘Who is that man?’ asked Johnny.

‘I don’t know,’ said George, looking out at the same time over the water to see if he could discover another frog. ‘Whoever he is, we won’t mind what he says.’

‘No, but I’ll tell you what it is,’ said Johnny.

‘What is it?’ asked George, beginning to take aim.

‘If he had only let us have his horse, we might have gone out and got some pond-lilies.’

‘Hoh!’ exclaimed George, in a tone of great



contempt. 'That man would not let us have his horse to get pond-lilies.'

Just at that instant, George caught sight of a frog, and immediately he threw his stone with all his force.

'My!' he ejaculated. 'I came within an inch of him. I took aim right between his eyes. That's the way to take aim—right between the eyes.'

The boys evincing thus a disposition to go on pelting the frogs, Mary Osborne was very much inclined to go out and try the effect of her remonstrances upon them. But Augustina dissuaded her from any such attempt.

'You may depend upon it,' she said, speaking in a whisper, 'that they will not mind anything that we can say.'

In a few minutes the girls heard the sound of wheels coming. At the same moment they heard Johnny say to George,

'Here's somebody coming, George.'

Johnny was afraid it might be somebody coming to give them another scolding for pelting the frogs.

'I don't care,' said George.

'Look and see if you know who it is,' said Johnny.

So George looked up.

'No,' said he. 'I don't know who it is.'

The wagon was now turning down toward the watering-place, and the girls could see that there

was quite an agreeable-looking young man in it. He was well dressed, and he had a frank and open countenance. As soon as the horse came to the margin of the water, he said to the boys,

‘Boys, will one of you be good enough to unhook the check-rein, so that my horse can drink?’

The boys threw down their stones, and ran at once to the horse. George being the tallest, unhooked the rein, and the horse began to drink.

‘I knew you were clever fellows, the first minute I put my eyes on you,’ said the young man. ‘Now jump up here into my wagon. I want you up here.’

The boys immediately scrambled up into the wagon. The young man made room for them upon the seat. As soon as they were comfortably settled George looked up at the young man, and asked,

‘What do you want of us?’

‘Oh, only to have your company up here, while my horse is drinking,’ said he. ‘What is there here on the pond that you were looking at, when I came along?’

‘Frogs,’ said George.

‘Pond-lilies,’ said Johnny. Johnny seemed to have an instinctive feeling that it was better to turn the conversation toward the pond-lilies than to the frogs.

‘Would you like some of those pond-lilies?’ asked the young man.

'Yes, indeed,' exclaimed both the boys.

'Then we will drive out and get some,' replied the young man. 'You are not afraid to go with me, are you?'

'No, indeed!' said the boys.

'Then scramble over behind the seat,' said the young man, 'and I will drive out there, and back you down among the lily-pads, and you can get as many lilies as you like.'

So the boys climbed over and around the seat into the back part of the wagon, and the young man, after driving down some way into the water, which was very shallow for some distance from the shore, took a great sweep so as to bring the horse round with his head toward the land, and then backed the wagon down among the lily-pads, so that the boys by reaching over the end of the wagon, could gather the lilies.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE LESSON LEARNED.



MARY OSBORNE and Augustina were so much interested in watching the operation of backing the wagon into the water that they forgot their desire to keep themselves concealed, and went down to the margin of the pond, and there stood in full view, looking on while the boys were gathering the lilies.

‘It is William Darricut,’ said Augustina to Mary Osborne, in a whisper.

‘Hush!’ said Mary Osborne.

The party in the wagon did not see the two girls. The boys were busy gathering the lilies, and William Darricut was watching the boys, to see that they did not lean over too far.

‘George,’ said Johnny, stopping suddenly, and pointing to a little distance off over the water. ‘Look! There’s a frog! See!’

‘Yes,’ said young Darricut. ‘He is sunning himself. We won’t hurt you, old fellow. We

won't even frighten you if we can help it. Will we, boys?'

'No,' said the boys.

'If I only had a crust of bread here,' said William Darricut, 'I would feed him with the crumbs.'

The boys looked at the frog, but said nothing.

'I wish he would come here and let us see him swim,' continued the young man. 'You don't know how *elegantly* he can swim. The best way, in fact, for a *boy* to learn to swim is to watch how one of these big pond-lily frogs pushes backwards with his hind-paddles, and then draws his legs up to push again. And yet I have known some boys to take pleasure in tormenting them and pelting them with stones. That is a bad sign. It is a sign of an ugly fellow to like to pelt frogs in a pond.'

'George,' said the young man, suddenly interrupting himself, 'would you like to drive the wagon up out of the water?'

'Yes,' said George eagerly.

'Then give the little fellow your lilies to hold, and scramble back over here.'

George and Johnny both climbed along the side of the wagon back to the seat, and then, after Johnny had taken all the pond-lilies, George, with great pride and satisfaction, drove the wagon out to dry land. In the mean time, the two girls had gone

back into their place of retreat without having been observed.

As soon as the wagon reached the land the boys got out of it, and William Darricut, after bidding them good-bye, drove away. The two boys stood a moment on the beach at the place where the wagon had left them without saying a word. Presently George began to push away with his foot the pile of stones which he had collected for ammunition, so as to scatter them about the beach. Johnny immediately began to do the same with his pile of stones.

‘That was a good fellow, wasn’t he, George?’ said he.

‘Yes,’ said George, ‘he was a real good fellow.’

Here there was another pause. . George seemed to be feeling in the bottom of his pockets.

Presently he said: ‘You have not got any crumbs of bread, or anything in your pockets, have you, Johnny?’

‘No,’ said Johnny, beginning at the same time to feel in his pockets. ‘I don’t think I have.’

‘Because if we only had some crumbs,’ said George, ‘we might give them to the frogs.’

‘I’ll give them my cake,’ said Mary Osborne in an eager whisper to Augustina. ‘She still had her cake in her hand, though Augustina had eaten hers. She immediately left the peep-hole windows and went down around the rocks, by the little path-way

near the water, followed closely by Augustina, and came out suddenly into view before the boys. They seemed amazed at this unexpected apparition.

'Here is a cake you may have to feed the frogs with,' she said, at the same time holding out the cake toward them.

The boys hesitated a moment, appearing not to know what to do. At length George took the cake into his hand and looked at it.

Presently, after a moment's pause, he said: 'I wish you would let Johnny and me eat it, instead of giving it to the frogs.'

'Well,' said Mary Osborne, 'Johnny and you may have it.'

'And we'll give you some of our pond-lilies,' said Johnny.

'Yes,' said George, 'so we will.'

Accordingly George broke the cake in two and gave Johnny half, and then the boys gave each of the girls two or three pond-lilies, as many as they were willing to take. Soon after this the two parties separated, the boys going away by the road, and the girls setting out on their return home by the pathway in which they came.

William Darricut was a college student, at home for a vacation. Mary Osborne knew him very well, and on meeting him a few days after this occurrence, she told him about seeing him help the boys gather the pond-lilies, and also about the boys pelting the

frogs, and about the remonstrance which the other man had addressed to them before he came, and the little effect which his reasoning had produced.

William Darricut was very much interested in this account, and he asked Mary Osborne what the boys did and said after he came away. When she told him about their trying to find crumbs in their pockets to feed the frogs with he seemed very much amused, and laughed quite heartily.

Mary Osborne said that she wondered how the boys could go on throwing stones at the frogs after what the other gentleman had told them.

‘Ah!’ replied William Darricut, ‘he did not go to work the right way. You can’t make children feel right or even think right by the force of reasoning. They act from sympathy and imitation. You must act toward them in such a manner as to make them *like* you, and then just tell them how *you* think and feel, and they will think and feel the same.

Mary Osborne remembered this principle, and this was the lesson that she learned while she was at the boarding-school, which afterwards was of so much benefit to her when she became a Sunday-school teacher. How she practised upon it will appear by-and-by.



## CHAPTER IV.

MARY OSBORNE LIKES THE LESSON SHE LEARNED.



THE lesson which Mary Osborne learned from William Darricut, on the occasion when she met with the adventure of the boys and the frogs, was that in her efforts to do good to children, and to lead them in the right way, she must be guided a great deal by this principle, namely, that children are governed, in the main, in their opinions and feelings, not by reasoning and instruction, but by sympathy and imitation. It is not the nature of children to frame their own opinions and feelings, by weighing arguments, and then adopting the conclusions to which they find the just preponderance inclines, but to adopt at once the opinions and feelings of those around them that they like best, whatever they may be, whether they are right or wrong. The consequence is, if we wish to make the children around us think and feel right we must make them like us best, and then they will think and feel just as we do.

It is, in fact, perfectly right that it should be so. This is the intention of Divine Providence. Parents

are sometimes much surprised and quite disappointed to find how little effect their most cogent reasonings and their most just and earnest remonstrances have upon the minds of their children. But this disappointment is unreasonable. They ought not to expect it would be otherwise. The reasoning powers are the last of the powers of the human mind that are developed. The powers of sentiment and feeling are very early developed, but the reasoning powers unfold themselves very late. It is somewhat the same with them as with the muscular strength. This strength is developed sufficiently in early life to answer the purpose of play, but not of any useful work. We cannot rely upon it for any steady and continued exertion. And if we attempt to force it to any continued exertion, as is done sometimes in the case of poor factory children in Europe, the constitution is undermined, and the child pines away and dies.

It is so with the reasoning powers of children at an early age. They *begin* to be unfolded, it is true, but any one who carefully watches the manner in which they perform their functions in early life, will see very soon that they are in so tender and immature a condition that all you can do is to play with them. You cannot rely upon them for any useful work, in helping the child to shape his own opinions and character.

Children are intended by Divine Providence to

be led in the right way at first by just following after and imitating their mother. They have an instinct leading them to go where she goes, to do what she does, to say what she says, and to think and feel in blind sympathy with her thoughts and feelings. The soul and character of the child is thus, as it were, in the first years of its life, a reproduction of the soul and character of its mother.

If this is so, the mother will perhaps say, What a deep and solemn responsibility it throws upon us, in respect to the moral welfare of our children ! The responsibility is indeed deep and solemn. Divine Providence seems to have made the child wholly and helplessly dependent for its opinions and sentiments, and for its whole character, on its mother, by virtually giving it no reasoning powers or judgment sufficient to enable it to form opinions, or sentiments, or a character of its own.

And yet mothers are often surprised, and sometimes not a little angry with their children, to find that this is so. A farmer's wife in a log cabin takes her pail to go down to the spring to get some water. Her little child sitting on the door-step at play, throws down her playthings at once when she sees her mother coming, and holds out her hands to go too.

'Oh, no,' says her mother, 'you can't go with me. The path is steep and stony. Besides, it is

wet in some places. On the step it is warm and comfortable, and I shall be back in a moment.'

'But, mother,' exclaims the child, in an imploring tone, 'I want to go with you!'

That is the nature of childhood—to pay very little attention to reasonings and persuasions, but to wish to be with those they love, to go where they go, and do what they do.

There was once a girl who had a certain dress, which for some reason or other she had taken a distaste to. Her mother could never induce her to wear it willingly.

'What is the matter with it?' asked her mother again and again. 'It is a very nice material. The colours are pretty and are very prettily arranged in the pattern. I paid a high price for it, too, and it is well made and fits you perfectly. What is your objection to it?'

'I don't know, mother,' said the child, 'only I don't like it.'

The truth was that another girl, one of her particular friends, and a little older than she was, had said thoughtlessly one day, when looking at that dress, that she did not think it was very pretty.

A short time afterward her cousin, who was two or three years older still, and who lived in the city, came to pay this girl a visit, and in looking at her dresses, one day, her attention seemed to be particularly attracted by this one. The girl was sur-

prised at this and asked her if she thought it was pretty.

‘I think it is beautiful,’ said her cousin. ‘That is the style that is most admired.’

After this the girl liked to wear this dress better than any other she had. Somebody that she liked, and that she looked up to, in matters of taste, expressed an opinion, and she adopted it at once, while all the sound reasons that her mother had given her had produced no effect at all.

There was once a boy named Thomas, whose father lived in a village and owned a horse, which he used for drawing his cart about. Thomas was seldom allowed to ride this horse, because when he did ride he drove the horse so fast as to injure him. He always went on the gallop as soon as he was out of his father’s sight, and when he came home the horse looked heated and worried, and very much out of breath. His father did all that he could to convince him that this was wrong. He explained to him that there was a limit to the strength of a horse, and that he could not be forced beyond this limit without being injured; that a cart-horse, too, was not formed for galloping and running. It was never proper to drive such a horse faster than a gentle trot.

But Thomas paid no heed to any of these instructions. Whenever he could by any means get a ride upon the horse, he would beat him with a

stick upon his sides, and make him gallop along the road until he was completely exhausted with fatigue. If on his return from one of these escapades his father punished him, it did but very little good. The next time he could contrive means to get upon the horse he treated him in the same way.

He, however, got cured of this habit at last very easily, and in a very simple way, and that was by a few words from a stage-driver. His father sent him one day home from the mill on the top of the stage, with the driver. Now Thomas had a very great respect for the stage-driver, as a man who could drive four horses, and who also had four horses to drive, and to this respect was added on that day, a species of affection; for the driver allowed him to take the reins into his own hand and actually to drive the team a little way along a level reach of the road. When at length the team came to where there was an ascent, they began to slacken their pace. Thomas was now going to take the whip to whip them. 'No,' says the driver. 'It is up-hill here. Always ease your team when you are going up-hill, so as to save their strength. In fact, you must save the strength of your horses in every way. Nobody can do anything with horses unless he knows how to take care of their strength.'

Thomas adopted this opinion on the spot, and afterward, whenever he had anything to do with his father's horse he was extremely careful of him.

His father was very much pleased at this change, though he could not imagine what could have produced it.

Thus the principle which William Darricut announced to Mary Osborne was a very sound one. Mary Osborne, in reflecting upon it, was satisfied that it was so, and she resolved that she would put it in practice.

‘I will do all I can,’ she said to herself, ‘to make all the children that I know like me. Then it will be very easy for me to make them think and do what I think is right.’

‘Besides,’ she added, after a short pause, ‘in being kind to them to make them like me, I shall give them pleasure and make them have a good time.’

The resolution thus formed did not, after all, make much change in Mary Osborne’s behaviour toward children, for it had been always her way to do everything she could for the happiness of all around her. But she now brought in the influence of principle to confirm her in her course of conduct to which she had been before inclined as a matter of impulse and feeling.

And when she became a Sunday-school teacher she took special pains, not only on Sundays, but during the week, to make herself the very best friend that her scholars had, and that was one great reason why she became such an excellent Sunday-school teacher.

## CHAPTER V.

## MARY OSBORNE CHOOSING THE SCHOLARS.



SOON after the time when Mary Osborne, having finished her education at the boarding-school, returned to her native town to take up her residence permanently there, the minister one day asked the superintendent of the Sunday-school whether it would not be a good plan to invite her to become one of the teachers.

‘By all means, sir,’ said the superintendent, ‘if I can make arrangements to furnish her with a suitable class.’

Mary Osborne’s father was a man of great wealth, and of great influence in the town, and Mary herself was a very accomplished and highly-educated young lady. It was quite natural, therefore, that the superintendent should consider it important that if she were to be invited to take part in the instruction of the Sunday-school, she should at any rate be offered such a class as would be ‘suitable.’



‘You might perhaps make a selection from among the upper classes of the school,’ said the minister, ‘of those most advanced, and most exemplary in their conduct, and form a class for her in that way.’

‘Yes, sir,’ said the superintendent, ‘that will be an excellent plan.’

‘But before you take any other steps in the matter,’ said the minister, ‘it might be well for you to call and see Miss Osborne, and ascertain whether she would be willing to take a class.’

The superintendent said he would do that on the first opportunity.

Accordingly, a few days afterward, he called at the house where Mary Osborne lived. He went through the little gate and knocked at the side door. A girl who came to admit him, ushered him into a pleasant back parlour, and very soon Mary Osborne came in.

The superintendent was a very plain and unpretending man, and very little known in genteel society. He was, however, an honest and devoted Christian, and was highly esteemed by all that knew him. Mary Osborne gave him a very cordial reception.

After a little conversation on other subjects, the superintendent told Mary Osborne what his object was in calling, namely, to ask her if she would be willing to take a class in the Sunday-school.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘I should like to take a class very much.’

‘We will try to make up a nice class for you if you will,’ said the superintendent. ‘We shall select the most advanced and the best behaved scholars out of all the other classes.’

The superintendent observed that Mary Osborne’s countenance seemed to fall when she heard these words. She looked, in fact, quite disappointed.

‘Well, sir,’ she said, after a moment’s pause, ‘I will take such a class as that if you think it is best. Perhaps, by-and-by, after I have a little experience—’

‘Why, we thought,’ said the superintendent, ‘that that would be exactly such a class as you would like.’

Mary Osborne said nothing, but the superintendent observed that she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

‘What kind of a class would you like?’ asked the superintendent.

‘I should like a class of backward and troublesome children,’ said Mary Osborne; ‘that is, if you thought I was competent to manage them.’

The superintendent was quite surprised to hear this, and for a moment he seemed not to know what to say.

‘You see,’ added Mary Osborne, ‘if I take a

class in the Sunday-school it is because I wish to try to do some good ; and so I would like to have a class in which there is some good to be done. However, somebody must take the scholars that are good already, and I ought to be willing to do it.'

'And I am,' she added, after a moment's pause.

'But, Miss Osborne,' said the superintendent, 'I would much rather give you a class of backward and troublesome scholars than any other, and if you are willing to take them, I am sure you would manage them better than any teacher we have. Let me see, what class is there?'

The superintendent paused. He was trying to think which of all the classes was the most backward and troublesome.

'Would you be willing to let me choose my scholars,' asked Mary Osborne, 'provided I don't take them away from any teachers without their consent?'

'Certainly,' said the superintendent.

'Then,' said Mary Osborne, 'I will inquire, and I will come and see you on Saturday evening, and tell you the names of those I would like to have.'

The superintendent was much pleased with this arrangement. At Mary Osborne's request, he wrote upon a paper the names of all the teachers in the school who had classes of girls, for she concluded to have a class of girls first. He gave this list to Mary Osborne and then went away.

The next day Mary Osborne dressed herself in a very plain and simple manner, and went to call upon all the teachers whose names were on her list. The first one whom she visited was a certain Miss Barnes. Miss Barnes was sitting at the window in the parlour of her mother's house. She felt quite pleased at receiving a call from Mary Osborne, and after some conversation, Mary Osborne introduced the subject of the Sunday-school. She said that she was going to have a class, and it was to be made up of those that did not go very well in the classes where they now were.

'I wish you would take my Susan Jenks,' said Miss Barnes.

'Well,' replied Mary Osborne, 'I will take her. What sort of a girl is she?'

'Oh, she is such a fidget,' said Miss Barnes. 'She is always on the move—jumping up and sitting down, and making a noise with her feet, or dropping her question book, or something or other. The other day, when I was turned a little away from her, I saw my scholars laughing, and I looked round and found that she was trying to balance her parasol on the toe of her boot. When she saw me turning round, she started suddenly, and the parasol fell over and made a great noise.'

'I will take her,' said Mary Osborne, with a smile. 'She is just such a scholar as I want.'

'I am sure I shall be very thankful if you will

take her,' said Miss Barnes. 'But before you have had her three weeks you will be wishing to send her back again.'

'I will try her, at any rate,' said Mary.

So Mary Osborne wrote Susan Jenks's name at the head of her list of scholars, and bade Miss Barnes good-bye.

The next teacher that she visited was a maiden lady, who was not very young, but was of a very good-natured and happy disposition. As a Sunday-school teacher she was very much interested in what she called indoctrinating her class, that is, in explaining to them methodically and enforcing earnestly the essential doctrines of the Gospel—a branch of Sunday-school instruction which, though it may be highly important in its place, requires much judgment and discretion on the part of the teacher.

Mary Osborne explained to this lady, much as she had done to Miss Barnes, that she was intending to take a class in the Sunday-school, and that the plan was to make up her class from the other classes, by taking those that could most easily be spared.

'I don't know any in my class that I can spare very well,' said the lady, 'unless it is Louisa Thornton. Louisa troubles me a good deal, and I think the class would do better without her. But then I suppose she would trouble you just as much.'

‘What is the matter with her?’ asked Mary Osborne.

‘She is what I call a caviller,’ said the lady. ‘She is always making difficulties and objections. The more I explain things to her the less she seems to be satisfied. Sometimes it takes up half the time of the class for me to answer her objections, and then the next week she has just as many as she had before.’

‘That must be very discouraging,’ said Mary Osborne.

‘It *is* very discouraging,’ said the lady. ‘Sometimes I should get entirely out of patience, only I make it a rule never to get out of patience with my scholars.’

‘That is an excellent rule, I should think,’ said Mary Osborne.

‘I advise you to make it your rule,’ said the lady. ‘You will be sorely tried sometimes.’

‘I will make it my rule,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and I am very much obliged to you for suggesting it to me. As to Louisa Thornton, I suppose you have no objection to having her taken away from your class if the superintendent thinks best?’

‘Not at all,’ said the lady. ‘On the contrary, I shall be glad to get rid of her.’

So this was settled, and Mary Osborne having put Louisa Thornton’s name down upon her list, bade the lady good-bye and went away.

She called in this manner upon the other teachers, and obtained at length quite a number of names. There was Mary Slocum, who gave her teacher a great deal of trouble by never knowing her lesson, and never taking any interest in the class.

‘She is a good girl enough,’ said her teacher, ‘so far as sitting still and behaving well is concerned; but she never can answer the questions or say any lesson at all. The fact is she is a stupid little thing, and does not know anything. I have told her so twenty times, but it does not seem to do any good.’

So Mary Osborne put Mary Slocum’s name down upon her list.

There was one teacher that Mary Osborne visited who said she could not spare any of her scholars. She liked them all, she said—every one. She would give up one of them if Mary Osborne could not make up her class without, but she should have to draw lots to determine which it should be.

Mary Osborne said that she would make up her number without taking away any of this young lady’s scholars.

‘But,’ she added, ‘I know you must be an excellent teacher, to like all your scholars so much, and you must let me come into your class some day and see how you manage it.’

Another girl whose name she obtained for her list was Jenny Dart. Jenny Dart, her teacher said, was a perfect little witch. She was always engaged in some mischief. She would bring beetles and butterflies to school wrapped up in her pocket handkerchief, and tickle whoever sat next to her with a feather, under her ear, when the teacher was not looking, and make up faces at the girls in the next pew, to make them laugh, and do a thousand other such things.


‘You may have her and welcome,’ said her teacher to Mary Osborne, ‘and I wish you joy of your bargain.’

In this way, in the course of two or three days, Mary Osborne made up a list of eight girls for her class, and on Saturday night she carried the list to the superintendent.



## CHAPTER VI.

## MARY OSBORNE ORGANIZES HER CLASS.

HE next day—which was Sunday—immediately after the school was opened, the superintendent went round to all the classes with Mary Osborne's list in his hand, and called out the scholars which she had selected, and led them to a pew in one corner, where Mary Osborne was to have her class. The Sunday-school in this town was held in the church, and two pews were allotted to each class, one for the scholars and one for the teacher. All the pews in the body of the house were already occupied by classes, and so Mary Osborne took her place near the corner, on one side of the pulpit.

The scholars whom she had chosen were very much surprised at being called out of their respective classes and assembled together in a new place. They were still more surprised to find Mary Osborne there, as if she was going to be their teacher. They knew her very well, but they had never thought of her before as a teacher in the Sunday-school.

'Girls,' said Mary Osborne, as soon as the superintendent had gone away and left her alone with her scholars, 'I am going to have you for my class in the Sunday-school, and how do you suppose it happened that you, instead of any of the other girls in the school, are put into my class?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Jenny Dart, looking around at her classmates, to see who they were.

'Nor I,' said Susan Jenks.

'I *chose* you,' said Mary Osborne. 'I chose you every one. The superintendent said that I might have anybody that I liked for my scholars, and that I might take them out of any of the classes, and I chose *you*.'

The girls began to look at one another, as if wondering what could have been the principle of selection on which Mary Osborne proceeded, in making up such an assortment as they. They were of all sizes and of all ages, and there was a great variety in respect to their personal appearance. They were quite puzzled. However, it was *something*, they thought, to be *chosen*, notwithstanding the difficulty of perceiving what they were chosen for.

'And now,' continued Mary Osborne, 'I suppose that since I have had my choice of scholars out of all the classes, that my class ought to be the very best one in the whole school. And we will make it so, won't we?'

‘Yes, Miss Osborne,’ said several of the girls, ‘we will.’

‘Some of the girls in my class,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘are younger than the rest,’ glancing her eyes at the same time towards Jenny Dart, with a smile,—‘but those younger ones will have their lessons prepared as well as any of you—or else I have made a mistake in choosing them.’

‘And now,’ continued Mary Osborne, ‘I will hear you recite the lesson for to-day. But first I am going to appoint two officers of the class. I shall need two or three officers to help me in managing it, a president and a secretary. The president will sit always at the end of the pew next the door. She must be a girl who will always act like a young lady, and set a good example to the rest. She must keep the place in the question book, and tell us the page, when the time comes for reciting the lesson. Sometimes I shall like to have her help me hear the lesson, by reading the questions for me. I shall appoint one of you for president for four Sundays, and after that I shall appoint another. And now I appoint Louisa Thornton for the first president. I am sure she will always behave like a lady. She will be president for four weeks, and during that time I will observe the rest of you, and select another one who is ladylike, to be the president for the next four weeks. So, Louisa, if you

are willing to be president first you can take your place at the head of the pew.'

Louisa at once took her place at the head of the pew, highly pleased to receive the appointment with which she had been honoured.

Mary Osborne then said that she should also require a secretary. The duty of the secretary would be to keep the class-paper, and to mark upon it those who were present and those who were absent, each Sunday. She appointed Susan Jenks secretary for the first month. At the end of the month she should appoint another secretary, she said.

'And now,' said she, 'there is one more officer that I shall require, besides these two, and that is a messenger. I shall need a messenger to carry the class-paper to the superintendent's desk, at the close of the school, so that he may transfer the marks to his great book; and then to go and get it again at the beginning of the school on the next Sunday. There may be other occasions that I shall have for sending some one away out of the class to carry some message, or do some errand, to go to the library, perhaps, and then the messenger will be the proper person to go.'

'Let me be messenger, Miss Osborne,' said Jenny Dart.

'You are the very person I was thinking of,' said Mary Osborne. 'I was going to ask you if you were willing to be messenger.'

‘I should *like* to be,’ said Jenny. ‘And the more errands you have for me the better I shall like it.’

‘Then I appoint you messenger,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and the first thing you will have to do is to go now and ask the superintendent if he will please give me a blank class-paper for my class. I might open and shut the pew door for you, but I am sure you will do it gently, and that you will walk along quietly in going and coming so as not to disturb the other classes.’

So Jenny rose from her seat to go and execute her commission. She opened and shut the pew door in a very quiet manner, and walked, both in going and returning, as Mary Osborne had predicted she would do, without making any noise.

When she came back with the class-paper, Mary Osborne entered the names on it, in alphabetical order, and then the secretary, under her direction, made the proper mark opposite each name, to denote that they were all present.

All this business had been so fully prepared and arranged in Mary Osborne’s mind beforehand, that it was despatched in a very short time, and then commenced the regular lesson of the day. The scholars were not very well prepared. Indeed some of them had not studied the lesson at all. Mary Osborne, however, took no notice of any deficiency, but was satisfied if they attended at the time to the

questions she asked them, and to her explanations and remarks.

At last when the bell rang for closing the exercises, Mary Osborne gave the class-paper to the messenger to be carried to the superintendent's desk, in order that the results might be recorded. Little Jenny, feeling that the responsibility of office was resting upon her, went and returned in a very quiet and proper manner—so much so that Mary Osborne whispered to her while she was unbuttoning the pew door when she came back,

‘I could not have had a better messenger if I had had my choice of the whole school.’

At length the school was dismissed, and Mary Osborne's scholars went home, all very much pleased with their new teacher.

It must be confessed that one thing that pleased them was the thought that Mary Osborne had chosen them, every one, from among all the scholars in the school. And some of the readers of this story may think, that in this Mary Osborne deceived them, inasmuch as she seemed to leave them to suppose that they were chosen for their good qualities, when, in fact, as it would appear at the first view, it was on account of their bad qualities that she chose them.

But although this might naturally be our first impression, we shall see on looking into the subject a little more closely, that it was not on account of

bad qualities, but good, that Mary Osborne chose her scholars. That is, they were good in the sense of being desirable in her view. The one single quality which she sought for in her scholars was susceptibility of improvement. According to her ideas on the subject, this was the best quality that a Sunday-school scholar could have. She chose them honestly and truly, because she liked them ; and she liked them on account of the pleasure she expected to derive from seeing them improve under her care.

Besides this, Mary Osborne did not think that those peculiarities of her scholars, which caused them to be considered so troublesome to their teachers, were to be considered exactly in the light of faults, but rather of habits which they had unconsciously fallen into, arising in the case of some of them from a certain impulsive vivacity of constitution, and in others, or in one at least, from exactly the opposite cause. She did not regard them therefore so much as subjects of blame, for doing wrong, as of kind and gentle training to lead them into better ways. This kind and gentle training it was her delight to administer, and she liked those scholars best in whose cases this training might be expected to produce the best effects.

So she really liked the scholars she had chosen

in respect to the purpose for which she had chosen them, better than any other scholars in the school. And consequently they, in supposing that she chose them because she liked them, were not deceived.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STORY OF MR BULLARD'S PEAR TREE.



OME persons might, at first view, suppose that the principle on which Mary Osborne selected her scholars is the same as that which was illustrated by our Saviour's parable of the man who left his ninety-and-nine sheep in the wilderness while he went to seek among the mountains for the one that was lost, or that of the woman who seemed to dismiss from her mind all concern about the pieces of money that were safe, while her thoughts were wholly occupied in trying to find one that was missing. But these cases are not exactly parallel to that of Mary Osborne. For in these, the strong interest which the owners of the endangered property felt, was simply a desire to have it recovered and saved, whereas in Mary Osborne's case what interested her was the pleasure which she herself would take in recovering and saving it.

These two things are very different. I do not deny that Mary Osborne acted under the influence of both motives. That is, she desired very much

to have the scholars she chose improve, but the chief feeling that influenced her was the pleasure she herself expected to take in improving them.

We may suppose that the man whose sheep strayed away among the mountains was old and feeble, and that when he found his sheep was gone he said to himself, 'Ah, me! what a misfortune this is! I must now go toiling painfully along among rocks and brambles, over rough mountain paths, all day and perhaps late into the night, till I am worn out with fatigue, to find and recover my poor sheep. Still I must go, for the poor sheep must be found!'

Thus his interest would be in having the sheep recovered, while he dreaded very much the work of recovering him.

But now let us suppose that this man had a boy named Joseph, and that Joseph had a very cunning shepherd's dog named Jerry, that was excellent at tracking and recovering sheep when they were lost, and that Joseph liked nothing so well as to go off with his dog among the mountains, on expeditions of this kind. When Joseph heard that the sheep was missing, we might imagine him to say :

'Good! Now, Jerry, you and I will have a tramp among the mountains. We will be gone all day. I will put you on the right track, and you will not lose it. Besides, we know all the paths

and all the hiding-places. I will carry some dinner for myself and a bone for you. I will take my bow and arrow, too, and shoot you a bird or a squirrel. We would a great deal rather go and find this lost sheep than stay and tend the rest, that are feeding quietly in the meadow.'

Thus Joseph's great interest in the case would not be in having the sheep found, but in the pleasure of going and finding him. It is true he would wish to have him found, but the pleasure of finding him would be the great thing, in the light in which he regarded the affair.

Now, to make a good Sabbath-school teacher, it is necessary that we should have both these feelings.

1. We must feel a strong desire to have the children saved.

2. We must take a real pleasure in the work of trying to save them.

In order that we may thus take pleasure in the very work of instructing children, and leading them out of wrong ways into right ones, and thus saving them from sin, one of the main things is that we should know how to do it skilfully and well. It is said that we always like to do what we think we do well. It is almost equally certain that we dislike to do what we know we do not do well. The reason why Mary Osborne liked to have restless, uneasy, playful, and troublesome children

under her charge, was that she was very sure that she knew how to train and manage them so as to make them good children. So, feeling confident that she could do it, and knowing exactly how to go to work to do it, she felt a great pleasure in having it to do.

Her case was similar, in some respects, to that of a boy named Orville. One day Orville was walking with his uncle across a young orchard, and they came to a certain tree which had been damaged and almost destroyed. The fact was that a cow had broken into the orchard one day, and while she was running before the man who was trying to drive her out, she ran against this tree, and trod upon it near the root, so as to break it off pretty near the ground, and afterward fresh shoots grew out, which spread in all directions, making a sort of bush.

On the day when Orville and his uncle were walking through the orchard, they happened to pass by this tree.

'Orville,' said his uncle, 'there is a tree that is good for nothing in this place. But it has got a good root, and now is the right time to transplant it. If you think you can save it, and train it up to be a straight tree, and graft it by-and-by, you may have it.'

Orville said that he should like it very much. So he came that very afternoon with his wheel-

barrow and a pick-axe. With the pick-axe he loosened the ground all around the tree, and among the roots, so that at length he could take the tree up with almost all the roots unharmed. He scarcely lost one. He put the tree on his wheelbarrow and wheeled it home. He there prepared a good bed for it in his own garden, and set it out. Then he selected one of the best shoots and cut the rest all away.

The shoot which he selected he trained up straight, by putting strong stakes around it, and securing it with strings.

The shoot grew during that summer into a tall and pretty straight stem. For a time there was a crook at the bottom, but by bringing up the stem at that part more and more, as the wood would bear it, before long all signs that this had been originally a side shoot were obliterated. The cuts, too, which had been made by removing the other side shoots, were all covered by the bark extending over them, and so Orville had at length a straight, and handsome, and very flourishing tree. He was much better pleased with it whenever he passed by it in his garden than if it had always been straight. The next year he grafted it. The scion took well, and the very next year after that it began to blossom.

It happened not long after this that Orville's uncle went to the nurseryman's to buy some more

trees, and he took Orville with him. While they were looking over the ground, Orville found a very crooked and ill-looking young pear tree. It had met with some accident, and was growing all askew. In digging up a tree that stood next to it, this one was torn up too, and Orville, seeing that the workmen were throwing it aside, asked the nurseryman if he might have it.

'Oh, that's a crooked old thing,' said the nurseryman. 'If you would like a pear tree, the least that I can do will be to give you a straight and handsome one, considering that your uncle is buying so many trees of me. But you don't want that. It will take a good deal of skilful training to make anything of that.'

'That is the very reason why I want it,' said Orville. 'I want to see what I can do with it.'

'Very well,' said the nurseryman. 'You may have it, and if you can find any more like it in looking about the grounds, you may have them all.'

So Orville looked about the grounds and he found six trees of different kinds that were crooked enough to suit him. The nurseryman had them taken up and packed in a bundle, and they were sent home with his uncle's trees; and then from his uncle's house he brought them to his own on his wheel-barrow. He made a nursery for them in a certain place in the garden, and there he took great pleasure in training them, until at length he

made them all as tall, and straight, and flourishing as any that his uncle had chosen on the nursery-man's grounds.

Thus we see that Orville was governed by two distinct desires. First, he wished to have straight trees ; and secondly, he wished to have the pleasure to himself of training and straightening them.

And this reminds me of Mr Bullard's pear tree, which is referred to in the title of this chapter. A short time ago I happened to have a seat in a railroad-car with Mr Asa Bullard, one of the most efficient and devoted friends of Sunday-schools and of Sunday-school children that ever lived. He resides in Massachusetts, and there is scarcely a Sunday-school scholar in all the State that does not know and love him. He has a garden connected with his house, which contains a great many valuable fruit trees of various kinds ; but he told me the story of one pear tree which was more remarkable than any of the rest, and which he seemed to feel more interest in than in any of the others, on account of the care and skill which he had exercised in training and saving it. The story was this :

The tree was originally a quince tree. The top was first cut off, and a pear scion grafted in, which grew at length into a new top, so that it was now a pear tree on a quince stem. Presently the quince stem showed signs of decay, and Mr Bullard conceived the idea of giving the tree a new stem. So

he planted a thrifty young pear tree close by the side of it, setting the root as near as he could get it to the quince root, and then, cutting off the top of the new pear tree, he made a slit in the stem of the old one, above the graft, and inserted the top of the new stem into the slit—first making it in the form of a wedge to make it fit. In process of time the new stem joined itself firmly to the old top, and grew there, and at length, growing every year larger and larger, it soon became as large as the old quince stem, and thus the tree had for a while two living stems, one a quince stem and one a pear stem, and it drew its nourishment for the pears, which grew abundantly upon the branches above, from both of them.

After a time the quince stem, having continued to decay, died, but Mr Bullard allowed it to remain, to help support the tree which loaded itself every year very heavily with fruit, and the tree stands now supported by this double footing like a man with one living leg and one wooden one. If we confine our view to the living stem, we can say that here is a tree which has had a new top and a new stem and root, so that the whole of the original tree has been removed and new parts substituted, while yet the same life has gone on animating the organization, without interruption, through all these changes.

Mr Bullard seemed more interested in this tree



than in any tree in his garden, so much so that he had had a drawing made of it, and caused it to be engraved, and he gave me a copy of the engraving, which I have now, preserving it carefully in a scrap book, with other curious drawings and engravings.


The reason why he was so much interested in it was not because it was prettier than any other tree that he had, nor because it bore sweeter or more juicy pears, but because he had done so much for it, and had done it so skilfully and so successfully.

In order to become good Sunday-school teachers, we must feel the same kind of interest in turning away the hearts of our scholars from all that is bad, and in moulding and training them to all that is good. And the way to feel an interest in doing this is just simply to know how to do it, skilfully and well. If we know how to go to work to do it, and if while we are doing it we find the work is going on well, and if in the end we find that we have succeeded and that the work is done, then we shall like to do it. If we don't know how to do it, and don't succeed if we try, then the whole work will be irksome and disagreeable to us, from the beginning to the end.

Thus it was that Mary Osborne liked to have scholars in her class that needed special training, because she knew exactly what to do to train them. We shall see in the next chapter how she managed in the case of a 'stupid little thing.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE STUPID LITTLE THING.

NE of the scholars that Mary Osborne chose to be in her class was Mary Slocum, whose former teacher was very ready to give her up, on account of her being, as she said, 'such a stupid little thing.'

Now it is generally the case, when children fall behind their schoolmates in their studies, whether it be in the Sunday-school or in any other school, and thus acquire the reputation of being backward and dull, the difficulty is not that they are stupid, but that they have become discouraged. Of course there is a great diversity in the talents and capacities of different persons, but this difference does not necessarily imply an absolute inferiority in one as compared with another. One may be more brilliant and quick to understand than another, while the other, though more slow, may be more patient and enduring and understand better in the end. One may be able to commit to memory the words of a narrative more easily than others, while her companion, who cannot easily remember the

words in their order, will better understand and more fully appreciate the facts that are narrated.

This is just as one horse may be more slender in form, and more fleet of foot, than another—while the other possesses so much more strength and endurance as in the end to surpass entirely his more agile rival.

Now when children fall behind their class, whether in Sunday-schools or in any other schools, it is very often owing, as I have said above, not to any want of capacity on their part, but simply to their having become disheartened and discouraged. Mary Osborne thought that this might perhaps be the case with Mary Slocum, the stupid little thing, as her former teacher called her.

‘I will try, at any rate,’ she said to herself, ‘and see what effect a little encouragement will have upon her.’

Now it happened that in the series of the lessons which the classes in Mary Osborne’s Sunday-school were studying, they were just at this time coming to the account of the celebrated journey and voyage of the Apostle Paul from Jerusalem to Rome, when he was sent to be tried before Cæsar. In the prosecution of this voyage, Paul was sent first with an armed escort, from Jerusalem down to Cesarea, the seaport, and there embarked on board a ship, under a guard of Roman soldiers. The vessel sailed along the shores of the

Mediterranean Sea, and by certain islands, especially the islands of Cyprus and Crete, taking care to keep always pretty near the land, for as they had no compass to steer by in those days, it was not safe to go far out to sea.

It is true they could find their way well enough in clear weather, by means of the sun by day, and the stars by night ; but when the sky was clouded, mariners soon entirely lost their way.

So the people of the ship which conveyed Paul, kept in sight of land as much as possible ; but at length they got too far away, and a storm coming on they were driven off from the land altogether, and after beating about for many days, they were at last cast away on an island which afterwards proved to be the island of Malta, or as it was then called, Melita.

After remaining here for some time the whole company embarked on board another vessel and sailed to Italy, where they landed on the coast, and then proceeded to Rome, keeping Paul with them as a prisoner all this time.

The account of this voyage is given in full in the 27th and 28th chapters of the Acts. The story is a very interesting one to read, just as it stands there ; but the interest is very greatly increased by our having a map representing that part of the Mediterranean and the islands and shores adjacent, so as to be able to follow the track of the ship, and

see exactly where she went, at what places she stopped, and to identify the several points at which the incidents narrated in the two chapters severally occurred.

Now when not more than two persons are reading the account together they can use any map that they can find, in a book or an atlas. But such maps are too fine and small in their delineations and lettering to be seen well by a whole class. For a class it is much better to have a map on a larger scale, or if it is not on any larger scale it ought to be drawn in a much more bold and distinct manner, so that the outlines of the coasts and islands and the names of the places can be seen by the scholars in their seats, while the map is held up by the teacher in the next pew.

Now Mary Osborne determined to make such a map, for her class, and she determined to get 'the stupid little thing' to help her make it.

Accordingly, when the class came to the beginning of the lesson relating to the voyage of Paul, Mary Osborne explained to them that Paul was going to be sent from Jerusalem to Rome, to be tried, and that he met with a great many strange and wonderful adventures by the way, all of which were related in the chapters which they were going to study, and that it would be much more interesting for them if they could have a map so as to see which way he went, and in exactly what

place every different incident that is narrated occurred.

‘I have got a plan for having a map made,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and if my plan succeeds, I shall bring one here and hold it up so that you can all see it. It will be much better to have a map—it was such a long and roundabout voyage. By the way he went, it must have been two thousand miles.’

‘I don’t see why they need have sent him so far as that,’ said Jenny Dart. ‘Why could not they have tried him where he was?’

‘Because that was at Jerusalem among the Jews,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and he did not think that he should have a fair trial among them. So he appealed to Cæsar, who was then the emperor over almost all the world, and reigned in Rome. The world was divided then, as it is now, into a great many different countries, but they were all under the authority of the emperor, who sent out governors to every different country to rule it. All the common criminals were tried in the countries where the men lived ; but in extraordinary cases if a man was not willing to be tried in his own country, he might appeal to Cæsar, and then the Governor would send him to Rome.

‘So Paul, when he found that he could not have a fair trial at Jerusalem, said, “I appeal unto Cæsar.” And the Governor said, “Hast thou

appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go.”

‘Yes,’ said Susan Jenks, ‘I have read that; but I never understood it before exactly.’

‘It is easy to understand when it is explained to you a little,’ said Mary Osborne.

‘But I don’t see,’ said Louisa Thornton, who, it will be recollected, perhaps, was the one that troubled her former teacher a great deal by what she called her cavilling,—‘I do not see why, if God intended that he should have a fair trial, he could not have put it into the hearts of the Jews to give him one, as well as to send him two thousand miles to Rome.’

‘Nor do I,’ said Mary Osborne.

Louisa looked round to the other scholars with a half-concealed expression of triumph in her face, as if she considered it quite an exploit to ask a question which the teacher could not answer.

‘I don’t understand that at all,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘There are a great many things which I do not understand, and you will often ask me questions which I cannot answer. But you must not be afraid to ask them on that account. When I don’t know I shall always say so.’

Louisa’s countenance fell a little at hearing this, as if she thought she had not gained much of a triumph after all.

That day when the school was dismissed, Mary Osborne said to Mary Slocum, as she was going out of the pew,—for she was the last in order,—that she wished to speak to her a moment. Accordingly, after they had left the church, and were walking along, she said,—

‘Mary, I want you to help me make my map—if you are willing.’

‘Oh, Miss Osborne!’ exclaimed Mary. ‘I could not make a map. I never did such a thing in my life.’

‘But you can help *me* make it,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘I shall show you exactly what to do. I thought you could help me better than almost anybody,—you are so careful and so patient. But perhaps you would not be willing to spare the time from your play.’

‘Oh, yes, indeed,’ said Mary, ‘I could spare the time well enough, if I could only do it.’

‘Could you come to our house Saturday afternoon?’ asked Mary Osborne.

‘Yes,’ said Mary—‘only’—hesitating a little—‘only on Saturday afternoon I have to take care of Sammy.’

‘How old is Sammy?’ asked Mary Osborne.

‘Four years old,’ said Mary.

‘Then bring him with you,’ said Mary Osborne—‘if your mother is willing. Bring him with you, and we will take care of him together, while we are



making our map. Come as soon as you can after dinner. So good-bye.'

Mary Slocum responded to her teacher's good-bye, and went home greatly excited, and very much pleased.

## CHAPTER IX.

MARY OSBORNE AND LITTLE SAMMY.



TRUE to her appointment, Mary Slocum came to the house where Mary Osborne lived, about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, bringing with her her little brother Sammy.

Mary Osborne sat watching for her upon a little back piazza. She thought that Mary Slocum, being somewhat timid, might be afraid to come to the door and knock or ring, so she went out with her work to the piazza, where she could see her as soon as she should appear at the gate.

As Mary came along, leading her little brother by the hand, she gave him what she considered the necessary cautions and injunctions in respect to his behaviour.

'Now, Sammy,' said she, 'we are going to this great house, and I am going to help my teacher make a map, and you must be a good boy.'

'Yes,' said Sammy, 'I will.'

'You will have to sit very still,' she added, 'while we are at work upon the map, and not make

any noise or speak a word, because Miss Osborne won't like it to have you interrupt her.'

'But I want to play,' said Sammy.

'You shall play after we get home,' said Mary Slocum. 'And now here is the gate. We must go in through this gate, I suppose, but I don't know which door I must go to, and if anybody comes to the door besides Miss Osborne, I don't know what I shall do.'

Just as she opened the gate and was holding it open to let Sammy pass through, Mary's mind was at once relieved by hearing the voice of her teacher calling to her, from the piazza, and bidding her good afternoon. She responded to the call, and then went to the piazza, leading Sammy, who, however, hung back a good deal, and seemed very reluctant to go with her. The fact was that, besides that Miss Osborne was a stranger to him, the idea that she was the person who was going to insist on his sitting still all the time, and not speaking a word, made him strongly inclined to look upon her with a feeling of dread and dislike.

The current of his thoughts was, however, suddenly and entirely changed by Mary Osborne's accosting him with,—

'Ah, Sammy, is this you? I am so glad you have come. I want you for my express-man. Will you be my express-man?'

'Yes,' said Sammy, 'I can ride a large horse.'

‘That will be just the thing,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘I will get you a large horse. Can you cut with a knife?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Sammy, ‘I can cut.’

What Sammy meant by this was that he had seen boys cut with a knife, and he had no doubt that he could do it, if he only had an opportunity.

So Mary Osborne went into the house and presently returned with a pocket-knife in her hand, having one large blade and one small one. Then she held out her hand to Sammy, and said,—

‘Come. Now we will go to my stable and get you a horse.’

So saying, Mary Osborne, with Sammy, led the way, and Mary Slocum followed, through a little gate and across a green yard, and thence by a pretty path by the side of a hedge, until she came to a corner where a large number of tall willow-shoots were growing, of the kind called the basket-willow. She opened the knife and gave it to Sammy to hold, and then she bent one of the tallest of the willow-shoots over until the top reached the ground. She then directed Sammy to come up, and to draw the edge of the knife across the stem of the willow, at the bend, which was very near the ground.

At the first cut, the stem of the willow snapped almost in two, and after one or two more strokes it was severed entirely.

‘There!’ said Mary Osborne, ‘your horse is caught. Now see if you can cut the end smooth, and then trim off the branches.’

With a little guidance and direction from Mary Osborne, Sammy succeeded in trimming up the little bole very well, and then taking one of the largest branches for a whip, he set off to try his horse, and went prancing and galloping back toward the house.

Presently he turned round, and calling to his sister, said,—

‘See, Molly! see! What a skittish horse!’

So saying, he began prancing about again, and running backwards and sideways in the most furious manner.

‘Then he calls you Molly,’ said Mary Osborne, speaking to Mary Slocum.

‘Yes,’ said Mary.

‘Do you like to have people call you Molly?’ asked Mary Osborne.

Mary Slocum hesitated a moment, and then she said she liked to have *some* people call her Molly.

‘What people?’ asked Mary Osborne.

Mary hesitated still more this time, and then hanging her head and looking somewhat bashful, she said,—

‘The people that I like.’

‘Then may *I* call you Molly?’ asked Miss Osborne.

‘Yes, indeed, Miss Osborne,’ said Mary, looking up quite pleased.

‘Except in the class,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘It will be more proper for me to call you Mary in the class, but at other times I will call you Molly. And now we will contrive to keep Sammy employed with his horse while we go and make the map. I have got everything ready, at a table in the house, near a window.’

So they both returned toward the house, Sammy galloping along before them on his horse.

When they came into the yard, Mary Osborne said,—

‘Now, Sammy, you are my express-man, and your name is Mr Harnden. Do you see that tree out there with a seat under it?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ said Sammy.

‘That’s the tavern,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘Every time you go by that tavern you must stop and rest, and let your horse have something to eat, and talk with the tavern-keeper.’

In the same manner Mary Osborne named a number of other places around the yard. One was the blacksmith’s shop, where Sammy was to stop every time he went by and have his horse’s shoes examined. Another place was a store where they kept things for sale. Mary Osborne thus filled the whole yard with imaginary persons and scenes, which were, however, all in some sense real to

Sammy, and greatly increased the interest with which he anticipated driving his round.

Then she gave him several messages to the different people, and various commissions to execute.

‘But I can’t remember so many errands,’ said Sammy.

‘Remember what you can of them,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and let the rest go. And now Molly and I are going in to make our map. You may ride round and round the yard, and stop at all the places, and when you are tired, stop and rest a long time at the tavern. Then at last, when you have rode enough, you can come into the house, and I will give you a little chair in my room that you can sit down in and be still, and rest.’

If it had not been for this promise of a chair to sit in and be still, Sammy would have, perhaps, become tired of riding about the yard in ten minutes; but the prospect of sitting still in a room was not at all alluring to him, and so after getting tired several times, and standing each time a moment undecided whether or not he should go into the house and ask for something else to do, he finally in each case decided to go to the tavern. Then after resting there a little while he would start again.

At last, after about twenty minutes, Sammy began to wish for a change, and so he came to the piazza and timidly entered the house. He knew

which way to go, for he saw Molly at work near a window which looked out on that side.

As he entered the room, Mary Osborne greeted him with—

‘Ah, here comes my express-man. Come and see what Molly is doing.’

So Sammy came to the table and looked on with a species of amazement depicted in his countenance while he watched the operation in which Molly was engaged. She was tracing the outline of the coast from a large map which was spread out before her, upon a sheet of rather thin paper which was laid over it.

‘Now, Sammy,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘when you have seen what Molly is doing, you may sit down on that little chair, and stay there till you are very tired of sitting still. You must not get up when you are a little tired, but wait till you are very tired. Then come to me, and I will send you away on some business.’

Sammy looked at the map-making a little while, and then he went and sat down in his chair.

After a while he said he was very tired, and then Mary Osborne gave him his new commission as express-man, which was to go into the garden, and drive all around it, and finally, after he had examined all the flowers, to gather three, one red one, one white, and one blue, and bring them to her.




But he must not gather any one of the flowers, she said, until he had gone all around the garden and examined all the flowers of that colour, so as to be sure and get the prettiest kind.

By these and by similar means, while Molly was going on with her work, Mary Osborne kept Sammy happily employed with a very slight expenditure of time and attention upon him on her part. The secret was that she contrived means to find exercise for his imagination and his thoughts as well as his muscular powers.

How Molly succeeded with her map, will appear in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE MAP.

ARY OSBORNE took care to deal very gently with her little pupil, Mary Slocum, or Molly, as she called her, in regard to the map. Molly was very timid, and very distrustful of herself, in respect to such an undertaking, and when she sat down at the table, she said,

‘I am sure, Miss Osborne, that I could never do such a thing as make a map ; and it is of no use at all for me to try.’

‘Ah, Molly !’ said Miss Osborne, ‘I know better what you can do than you do yourself. Be patient and trustful, and do just as I say, and it will all come out right in the end.’

So Mary Osborne spread the great map down upon a table near a window, and then put over it a large sheet of rather thin paper.

The paper was not very thin, but it was thin enough for Molly to see the outlines of the coast through it. Mary Osborne then gave Molly a pencil, and instructed her how to trace the outlines,

‘If, at any time,’ said she, ‘you cannot see very well how the coast runs, you can lift the paper up, and if you get it out of place you can put it right again by means of what you have already drawn. If you make a mistake at any time, and go wrong a little way—which I expect you will do very often—it will be no matter, for it is only in pencil, and when you have finished it we can rub out all the wrong places. The great difficulty and danger which you will have to guard against is being too careful, and taking too much pains.’

There are very few girls of Mary Slocum’s age that there would be any occasion to caution against being too careful, and taking too much pains in what they do ; but there are some, and Mary Slocum was one of them. In her case the desire to do the work right, and the fear that she would do it wrong, was excessive, so as to fill her with a certain anxiety, and to cause a kind of trepidation which was likely to impede her in her work. It was on this account that Mary Osborne cautioned her against taking too much pains.

‘Begin courageously,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘and go on pretty fast, and don’t be afraid of making mistakes.’

These words greatly diminished Molly’s fears, and she began her work with much less anxiety than she would have felt if Mary Osborne had, as is usual in such cases, charged her to be very care-

ful, and be sure not to make any mistakes, though these last injunctions would have been very suitable and proper to give to a girl of a different temperament.

Molly succeeded very well in making her tracing. She ran off the track several times, it is true, and went wrong for a short distance ; but as Mary Osborne told her always in such cases that there was no harm done, she gradually acquired more confidence, and, strange as it may seem, the less anxious she became not to make mistakes, the fewer she made. Too great anxiety produces an excitement and perturbation in the mind which greatly increases the danger of going wrong in work like this ; while, on the other hand, calmness and composure greatly aid us in going right. A timid mind needs encouragement.

Molly was inclined, when she made any mistake, to stop and correct it on the spot. But Mary Osborne recommended to her not to do this.

‘You can just cancel the wrong lines,’ said she, ‘and not efface them now. We will efface them by and by.’

Molly turned her face toward Mary Osborne with a puzzled look.

‘You don’t know what I mean exactly by cancelling and effacing,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘I will tell you. You cancel a line by drawing marks across it, just to show that it is wrong. You efface

it by rubbing it out entirely. Now you can cancel any wrong line in your tracing by just making fine lines across it, as if you were crossing it out, and then leave it; and after the map is finished, then we can rub out, or efface, all the mistakes together, the cancelling lines and all.'

So Molly cancelled the erroneous part of the line, whenever she got out of her course, by light pencil marks; and then beginning back again where the tracing was right, she went on as before.

When the outlines of all the coasts and islands were traced in this way, Mary Osborne gave Molly a pen, which she had previously prepared for the purpose, from a quill, in order that she might ink over her work. This pen had a very broad nib, so that it would make a very wide, black line. Mary Osborne gave Molly a separate piece of paper, that she might try this pen, and see if she could 'bear on hard,' so as to make the line sufficiently broad to be seen at a distance. She also taught her to move the top of the pen to and fro, in following the curves of the coast, so that the broad nib should always come square across the line of direction of the coast, however the line might change, and thus make the mark equally broad and black in every part. After a little practice, Molly succeeded in doing this very well indeed, and then she began to ink the outline of her map, taking care not to ink any of the cancelled lines,

After having thus inked the outline once, Mary Osborne showed her how to draw another lighter line outside of the first, that is, on the side toward the water, to represent the shading of the coast.

When this was done, Mary Osborne took the New Testament, and opening to the account of Paul's journey, she found all the places on the map, which are named in the narrative, and marked them with a pencil, so that Mary Slocum might know where to write the names.

'I wish you would write the names, Miss Osborne,' said Molly, 'I am sure I can't do it right.'

'Ah, Molly!' said Mary Osborne, 'you thought you never could make a map at all, and yet now see what a nice one you have made. You can write the names, too, very well, I am sure. I will write them faintly, first, in pencil, to show you what the words are, and where they are to come, and then you can write them in ink.'

Mary Osborne accordingly put all the names in pencil, and then Molly wrote them in ink.

'Now is it done?' asked Molly.

'All except the title,' said Mary Osborne. 'We must have a title. The title shall be, "Map of the Apostle Paul's Voyage from Cæsarea to Rome."'

So Mary Osborne wrote this title in pencil, on

the top of the map, in one long line, and then Molly wrote it over in ink. Molly also drew black lines all around the map for a border, by means of the broad-nibbed pen and a long ruler, which Mary Osborne brought for her. There was a double line at the top, one above and the other below the title. When these lines were drawn and the ink in them was dry, Mary Osborne effaced all the cancelled lines and other pencil marks that remained visible, and then said that the map was done.

The next Sunday when the school was opened, Mary Osborne appeared in the pew before her class with a roll in her hand. The scholars all looked upon the roll with great curiosity, wondering what it was. As soon as the school was opened, Mary Osborne commenced the lesson by saying,

‘Now, my scholars, we are going to study an account of the Apostle Paul’s voyage from Cæsarea to Rome, and we can all see exactly which way he went, and where everything took place that happened to him on his way, by means of this map.’ Here she unrolled the map, adding, as she did so, ‘It is a map that Mary Slocum made for me.’

The scholars all looked, first at the map and then at Mary Slocum, with an expression of wonder and bewilderment on their countenances. As for Mary Slocum, she hung her head and looked confused, but though her face wore an expression of

timidity and embarrassment, her heart was full of pride and joy.

'I should not have thought that Mary Slocum could have possibly made such a good map as that,' said one of the class.

'I showed her how to do it,' said Mary Osborne, 'and I made pencil marks for her to write the names by—but all the rest she did herself. I knew she could do it, because she is so patient and so steady.'

It need hardly be said that this incident raised Mary Slocum so much in the opinion of the class, that after this they all looked upon her as their equal. Besides, her having made the map caused her to take a great interest in the narrative of the voyage which the map was intended to illustrate, and she studied the lesson so well, and seemed so bright and animated in answering the questions, that she soon began to appear as well as the other girls, even in her recitations. The course which Mary Osborne pursued with her, had the effect to encourage her very much, too, and to make her feel more confidence in her powers, and more willing to use them.

A month or two after this, Molly's former teacher happened to meet Mary Osborne in the street, and she stopped to ask her about her old pupil.

'What have you done,' said she, 'to make such



a change in Mary Slocum? She seems as bright as anybody now, but when she was in my class, she was such a stupid little thing that I could not do anything with her, though I was scolding her almost all the time, trying to make her do better.'

## CHAPTER XI.

## TEACHING THE DOCTRINES.



IN the Sunday-school that Mary Osborne's class belonged to, there were two lessons given out for every Sunday. One consisted of some narrative portion of the Scriptures. This the scholars were to read carefully and understand, and to prepare themselves to answer the questions which the teachers might ask them ; but they were not expected to commit the passage to memory.

The other lesson consisted of a very short passage—usually only one or two verses,—which expressed some simple Christian precept, or the statement of some important truth ; and this the children were to learn word for word, so that they might be prepared to repeat it exactly, in the class, just as it was written in the Bible.

Sometimes the children did not understand very well what they were thus required to commit to memory ; but repeated the words without thinking much about the meaning of them.

Many persons think that it is entirely useless

for children thus to fix in their minds words which they do not know the meaning of, or which convey a meaning that they cannot appreciate when it is explained to them. But it seems to me that it is not necessarily useless. On the other hand, there is sometimes a great advantage in storing up good words in the mind to dwell there for ever, to serve as principles of guidance, and to bring forth the fruits of peace and comfort in future years, even if at the time when they are received they are not appreciated,—or even understood at all.

The superintendent of the school was accustomed to make an address to the scholars every day, and in this address he generally explained to the children, or tried to explain to them, what the passage which they had for the lesson of that day really meant. Sometimes it was a precept of duty, and sometimes it was a doctrine which he thus explained. When it was a precept it was pretty easy to explain it to the children. When it was a doctrine it was much more difficult. In all cases Mary Osborne always added some explanations afterward to her class, such as she thought particularly adapted to their ideas and capacities as she had become acquainted with them in her conversations with her different scholars. When it was a precept, she taught them exactly what it required them to do, and how they must act in order to obey it. When it was a doctrine, she did not attempt at all

to explain the theology of it, but treated it practically, just as she did the precept, by showing the children the kind of feeling, or the conduct, on their part which it ought to lead to.

I can, however, best show how she did this by taking an example. I will choose for this purpose, a passage from one of the epistles of John, which was the lesson one day to be committed to memory. The passage was this.

‘If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : And he is the propitiation for our sins : and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.’ 1 John 2 : 1st and 2nd verses.

The superintendent took occasion from this passage to explain to the school what was meant by the doctrine of the atonement. He endeavoured to show in what sense and in what way the sufferings of Christ served as an atonement for sin, according to the views of orthodox divines, and he quoted a number of other texts of Scripture bearing on the subject, and proving the truth of the doctrine. This was all very well done,—the explanations were logical and complete, and the texts were all exactly in point to prove what the superintendent advanced as the true doctrine. But yet somehow or other the children did not understand the

argument very well, or at least they were not much interested in it. They looked at the superintendent when he began to speak, but they soon became restless and uneasy, and though it was a most excellent discourse which he made to them, a great many of them seemed glad when he came to the end of it.

After the address of the superintendent was concluded, the children in all the classes began to recite the verses, each to their own several teachers. Mary Osborne heard her scholars repeat them, and then she addressed them thus :

‘Now, children,’ said she, ‘almost all the passages in the Bible are meant to teach us something that we are to do. I will tell you what this lesson is meant to teach us to do.

‘Sometimes when the day is over and you go to bed at night, and shut up your eyes to go to sleep, you find that you don’t feel quite happy. There is a kind of uneasiness and disquiet in your minds, and at first you don’t know what the cause of it is. You say to yourself as it were, “Somehow or other I don’t feel happy to-night, but I am sure I don’t know why. I can’t think of anything bad that has happened to me.”

‘So after lying awake awhile you go to sleep. Then if you wake up in the night the unhappiness comes over you again, worse than before. Sometimes you feel almost afraid.’

Some of the children nodded their heads as if they felt that what Miss Osborne said was true, in their case,—and they all looked very earnestly at her while she was speaking.

‘If you don’t happen to awake in the night, but sleep on quietly until morning—then when you first awake, your unhappiness returns. You don’t feel in very good spirits, but you don’t know why. You don’t stop to find out why, but dress yourself and go down-stairs’—

‘I don’t have to go down-stairs,’ said Jenny Dart. ‘I sleep in the bed-room and it opens right out of the sitting-room. But that is all the same.’

‘Yes,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘that is the same. You go out to breakfast and to play, and so forget all about your trouble of mind.’

‘Now whenever any of you feel so at night, you will find if you stop to think a little, that what makes you feel unhappy is something you have done that is wrong during the day. You have partly forgotten it, perhaps, but not entirely. You have so far forgotten it that you do not at once think what it was, but it is on your mind enough to make you feel unhappy. Now it is best always, before you go to sleep, to look back over the day, and find out what it is that makes you feel unhappy. You will almost always find that it is something that you have done that is wrong. When you find out what it is, then confess it to

God in your prayer, and ask him to forgive you *for Christ's sake*. That is what this lesson means. It means that Jesus gave Himself into the hands of wicked men, to be hung upon the cross by them, — *for our sakes*, in order that we might pray to God to forgive us for *His* sake. That is what is meant by the *propitiation*. Christ was willing to die for *our* sakes, and we must pray to have our sins forgiven for *His* sake. If at any time when you feel unhappy about any wrong that you have done, and you pray to God to forgive you for Jesus' sake, you will find how much you will feel relieved and comforted. You can then go to sleep quite happy. You will find it will comfort you a great deal more to ask God to forgive you for Christ's sake, than it will to ask Him to do it for your own sake. I hope you will all try it.'

'Yes, Miss Osborne,' said Jenny, 'we will.'

'I hope you all will,' said Mary Osborne. 'And whenever you think of this verse, or repeat it, you must remember that this is what it means by a propitiation. It means that Jesus died out of love to us, and for our sakes, and that God will forgive us for His sake, however guilty we may be.'

'But, Miss Osborne,' said Louisa Thornton, 'I don't understand how there could be any justice in having one person allowed to suffer on account of the sins of other persons.'

'That is hard to understand,' said Mary Os-

borne, 'but we need not trouble ourselves at all about that. All we have to do is, whenever we feel burdened with our sins and unhappy, to ask God to forgive us for Jesus' sake. If you do so honestly and sincerely, you will see how much more it will comfort you than it will to pray to be forgiven in any other way.'



## CHAPTER XII.

## FAULT-FINDING.



HERE are two kinds of fault-finding, which children are subjected to on the part of their parents and their teachers, ill-natured fault-finding and good-natured fault-finding. Both of them are bad.

Everybody knows that the peevish, fretful, and ill-natured kind of fault-finding is wrong, but unfortunately everybody is by no means on that account deterred from practising it. There is one thing, however, particularly to be observed in respect to this ill-natured sort of fault-finding, and that is that the motive which produces it is not an honest desire on our part to correct the fault which evokes it, for the good of the child, but only a feeling of petty resentment in our hearts on account of the *trouble* which the commission of the fault occasions us at the time.

For example, let us suppose that a poor woman were to send a little child to a store at the corner to buy ten cents' worth of milk, and the boy on his

way home should set his mug of milk down upon the side-walk and stop to play marbles, and a dog should come along and upset the mug and spill all the milk. Now in such a case as this, the mother, on hearing what had occurred, might say to herself,—

‘He was unfaithful to the trust I committed to him. That is a serious fault. It is of great consequence to him, in respect to his getting along well in the world, that he should be *faithful*, when any trust or charge is committed to him, or else people will not place confidence in him, and so will not employ him for anything but the most common work. I must see what I can do to teach him to be faithful.’

What she would actually decide to do, if these were her reflections, I cannot say,—but I am very sure what she would not do. She would not fly at him in a passion, and box his ears, and give him a scolding. If she did anything like that, we should be sure that what she was thinking of was, not the good of her boy, and the training him up to be a trustworthy and useful man, but only of the loss of her ten cents’ worth of milk.

And thus, almost universally, when parents or teachers scold children, for any faults they commit, the impulse which they act upon is not a desire for the improvement of the child, but resentment on account of the trouble, which they themselves ex-

perience in consequence of the fault which they are reproving.

But it is not this ill-natured and angry sort of fault-finding that I have particularly to speak of in this chapter, but of the good-natured, gentle, and considerate kind.

And first I must say that there are three different classes of faults committed by children, which are so essentially distinct from each other in their very nature, that they may, and generally do, require very different modes of treatment. At any rate they ought always to be carefully distinguished from each other by all who have the care of children. They are as follows :

1. When a child knowingly and wantonly does wrong, expressly for the sake of the wrong.

As, for example, when a boy breaks windows, maliciously, or does any other damage, expressly for the sake of injuring some one ; or when he intercepts a smaller boy in the street and teases, hectors, or beats him, merely to exercise his power of giving pain ; or when he throws a torpedo under the feet of a horse, to frighten him, or an India cracker before a lady walking by, to alarm her with the idea of her dress taking fire ; or, in the case of the boy sent by his mother to buy ten cents' worth of milk,—if he should spill the milk on purpose, in order to vex and trouble his mother.

Now in such cases as these, a boy no doubt

deserves a severe and stern rebuke ; and giving him such a rebuke, tends to prevent his being guilty of such faults again ; though it tends rather to prevent the mere outward act, than to change the state of heart within which prompts such action.

2. The second case is when a child does what he knows is wrong, not for the sake of the wrong, but for the sake of accomplishing some other purpose which is in itself innocent and proper. As, for example, if a boy breaks a window by playing ball near a house where he knows he ought not to play ; or stops a small boy in the street, not to frighten or tease him, but to make the small boy show him a picture-book or a plaything which he is carrying ; or throws a torpedo or an India cracker before a lady or a horse, without wishing or intending to do any mischief, but only to amuse himself with the explosion ; or, in the case of the boy sent for the milk, if he should set the mug down upon a door-step, in what he thought was a safe place, and stop to play marbles, or to see a company of soldiers go by.

3. The third case is where a child does what is wrong from youth and inexperience, and without knowing any better,—as, for example, when a boy makes blots in his writing-book because he has not learned to manage ink well, or when he falls down when running and tears his clothes, or in cutting through a sheet of paper with the point of his knife, cuts the table or the table-cloth ; or, to refer

once more to the case of the boy carrying the milk,—if he should give his mug to a bigger boy who should offer to carry it for him,—he thinking that thus it would go more safely,—and then if the bigger boy were to run off with it, and drink half of it up. In all these cases the children would not do any intentional wrong. They would only have been led into errors and mistakes, by their youth and inexperience.

Now it is probable that nine-tenths of all the faults which children commit, and for which they get scolded and punished so much by their parents and their teachers, are of this latter class. And it is very plain that for such things children do not deserve any scolding or punishment at all. They only need instruction.

The question is, how is this instruction to be given?

Many kind and considerate persons think that the proper way is for the parent or the teacher to point out such faults in a gentle and good-natured manner to the children, in order to teach them to avoid falling into the errors in time to come. But Mary Osborne thought there was a better way. I can best illustrate what her better way was, by describing the two modes of management adopted by herself and by Mrs Wakeman, a young married lady whose class occupied the next pew but one to hers,—in respect to compositions written by their pupils.

The subject of the composition which was given out was, What happened during the storm at sea, which the ship that the Apostle Paul sailed in, when making his voyage, encountered in the Adriatic, on the way to Italy? The subject was given out by the superintendent on the Sunday when the school, in the regular course of the lessons, reached that part of the narrative. He requested that all the scholars that had learned to write, would write a short composition about that storm, relating what happened during the continuance of it, describing it as much as they could in their own language. They were to write with a pencil, or with ink, upon a sheet of paper, and each was to bring what he or she had written, and present it to the teacher, and the teacher was to read it to the class.

Mrs Wakeman had four compositions brought by her scholars. She read these compositions in the class, and in a very kind and considerate way pointed out the errors and faults which the writers had severally fallen into, in order that they might avoid them the next time.

Nothing could be, in fact, more gentle and kind than Mrs Wakeman's mode of pointing out to her scholars the faults of their compositions. Still, if finding and pointing out faults is *fault-finding*, this was fault-finding, though of a very mild and good-natured kind. It, however, produced the effects

which fault-finding almost always does produce on the minds of children.

How she managed it, and what the effects were which her criticisms produced, will be related in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MRS WAKEMAN'S MANAGEMENT.

**M**RS WAKEMAN had seven scholars in her class. Five of them wrote compositions on 'the storm at sea,' and four brought what they had written to the school and gave the papers to the teacher. Another, a young girl named Lucy Ray, brought her paper to the school, but she was afraid to offer it to the teacher, and so kept it in her pocket, intending to wait and see how the others succeeded with theirs before offering hers. Another girl wrote a composition but left it at home. And the seventh did not write at all.

Mrs Wakeman took the four compositions into her hand, and then looking around upon her class with a somewhat troubled expression of countenance, which, however, was an expression of sorrow, not of anger, she said,—

'Only four compositions out of a class of seven. I thought that all of you would write. I am sorry to find that nearly half of my class fail in perform-



ing their duty. I hope the next time you will all be prepared.'

Then she began to open the first paper, saying, as she did so,

'Now I am going to read these compositions to you, and tell you what the faults in them are. Of course I don't expect you can write very good compositions yet. You are just beginning, and there will be a great many faults and mistakes. But I will point out all the faults and mistakes to you, and then you will avoid them next time.'

The children all began to look uneasy and uncomfortable.

Mrs Wakeman had by this time opened one of the papers, and the first thing that attracted her attention was a blot on the sheet, near the lower right-hand corner.

'Ah, Mary!' said Mrs Wakeman, for this composition was the work of one of the scholars named Mary Allen, 'you have got a blot on your paper; though, I suppose, it was an accident. But you must all be very careful not to get blots on your papers when you write. It spoils the looks of the whole page.'

So Mrs Wakeman held up the sheet to the class in order that they might see how a blot on the paper spoiled the looks of the whole page. Poor Mary hung her head and looked very much distressed.

She had taken a great deal of pains in writing her composition, and was contemplating it with great satisfaction as it lay on the table before her, all finished and ready to be folded, when suddenly her little brother, who had been playing about the room, came up to the table, and before she had time to arrest his movement, took the pen out of the inkstand. Mary uttered an exclamation of alarm and attempted to take the pen away from him, but somehow or other, between them, they let the pen fall upon the paper, and it made a blot on the first page.

Mary was overwhelmed with sorrow at witnessing this calamity. Her mother did all she could to comfort her, and she tried, besides, to erase the blot. But her knife was not sharp, and, moreover, she did not understand that in erasing anything from paper, it is necessary that the paper should be laid upon something smooth and hard. So finding that she was only making the matter worse, she desisted, and left the blot nearly as it was, telling Mary that she was sure, since the rest of the page looked so neat, and was so carefully written, that the teacher would not pay any attention to the blot.

'Ah, mother!' said Mary, 'you don't know how very particular Mrs Wakeman is.'

'But I thought Mrs Wakeman was very kind to her scholars,' said her mother.

‘She is very kind,’ replied Mary, ‘but then she is so very particular.’

It was with great difficulty that Mrs Allen could succeed in persuading Mary to carry her composition to school. She finally consented to do so, but she did it with fear and trembling, and when Mrs Wakeman held up the sheet, to display the blot to the view of the whole class, her heart sank within her, and she resolved that, if she could help it, she would never try to write another composition as long as she lived.

Mrs Wakeman then proceeded to read the composition aloud. She stopped at every two or three lines as she read, to mention and point out the faults of spelling, punctuation, and capitals, and to make other such criticisms. When she finished reading it, she folded it up again and gave it to Mary, saying, that, on the whole, it was very well, and that she ought to feel encouraged.

Perceiving, however, that Mary looked somewhat troubled, she added,

‘You must not be troubled, Mary, at there being so many faults. You can’t expect to write correctly at first, but you will improve, and in time you will make a very good writer, I am sure.’

Mary took the composition and put it in her pocket without saying a word, but as Mrs Wakeman saw that her eyes were filling with tears, she immediately opened another of the papers, in hopes,

by reading the composition of one of the other scholars, to divert Mary's attention from her own.

She pursued the same plan in respect to the second composition which she had adopted with the first, pointing out very particularly, and marking with a pencil, all the faults, errors, and mistakes that she could find. She was very particular not to let one escape. If she had overlooked a single one, she would have considered herself as so far failing in accuracy and thoroughness as a teacher.

When she had finished her reading and her criticisms, she gave the paper to the writer of it, recommending to her to read it all over carefully when she went home, and observe attentively all the marks, so as to avoid making such mistakes and errors the next time.

The girl took the paper and put it in her pocket, and when it was once in, out of sight, she crushed it with her hand as if she owed it a spite, and jammed it down as far as possible into the bottom of her pocket, and then as soon as she got home, after the school was closed, she put it, all crumpled up as it was, into the kitchen fire.

The next paper which Mrs Wakeman opened contained only a few lines, not enough to reach more than half-way down the page. This exercise was written by a girl who had never attempted composition before, and it had cost her so much

time and labour to produce these few lines that by the time she had finished them she was tired out in mind and body. She had great doubts about bringing so short an exercise to school and offering it in the class, but she did not like to lose all her labour, and so she finally concluded to run the risk of presenting it.

‘This is yours, Maria, I believe,’ said Mrs Wakeman, when she opened it. ‘But it is very short. Could not you write a longer one? Why did you not write more?’

‘I could not think of anything else to say,’ replied Maria.

‘Oh, you did not think long enough,’ said Mrs Wakeman. ‘You ought not to have given up so soon. You must have more perseverance. We never can get along well in the world or succeed in anything we undertake unless we have perseverance.’

She then proceeded to read the composition, pointing out as she did so all the errors and mistakes, as she had done in the case of all the others.

While she was doing it Lucy Ray felt in her pocket to make sure that her composition was still there, and pushing it down as far as she could, she put her handkerchief over it, and crowded it in all around, as if to prevent the possibility of its getting out in any way.

Mrs Wakeman read the fourth composition and

commented upon it just as she had done in the case of the others. In all she was careful, first, not to let any fault or error escape her ; and secondly, to point out the faults in as kind and gentle a manner as possible, and to be specially careful not to say anything to hurt the feelings of her scholars. She imagined that this was the proper way to lead her pupils to interest themselves in making improvement in the art of writing composition.

But suppose she had been treated in the same way herself in respect to her own failures and shortcomings. She was a young wife, having been married only a few months. She had commenced housekeeping only a short time before, and like all young housekeepers she necessarily made a great many mistakes, and met with a great many failures. Her errors and mistakes in her housekeeping, and in her other duties as a wife, were at least as many, in proportion, as those of her scholars in their compositions. Now, suppose that her husband had come and taken a seat by her side on the sofa on Saturday evening, when the week was ended, and had said to her in a kind and affectionate manner :

‘ Now, my dear, I know you wish to improve as a wife and as a housekeeper, and in order to help you I have been observing during this week all your errors, failures, and shortcomings, and have remembered them all, and now I am going to tell you

what they all are, so that you may avoid them next week, and thus more rapidly improve.'

And then suppose he were to go on to criticize all her conduct and her management, and point out every fault and failing he had observed. Would this be the way to lead her on to improvement in the performance of her duties?

How Mary Osborne managed with her class, on the day when the compositions were presented, will appear in the next chapter, or the next but one.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## LITTLE JOHNNY.

**M**ARY ALLEN, the girl in Mrs Wake-man's class who was so much troubled on account of the blot on her composition, had two brothers, the one that caused her to make the blot, and an older one, named Johnny. The family lived pretty near Mr Osborne's, and Mary Osborne knew the children very well.

Johnny did not go to the Sunday-school. The excuse he had for not going was that he was lame. He was indeed quite lame, so that he walked with a crutch. He was, however, a bright and active boy, and his health, with the exception of his lameness, was very good. He was improving too in respect to his lameness, so much so that he *could* walk without his crutch, but he had been so long accustomed to the crutch that he did not like to be without it, though his mother tried all the means she could to encourage him to lay it aside as much as possible.



One day when Mary Osborne was passing by the house where Johnny lived, she saw him playing in the yard, and she stopped to speak to him. Johnny was sitting on the grass, his crutch lying by his side. As soon as he saw Miss Osborne he rose at once and came out to the gate to see her and to talk with her.

While they were there Mrs Allen, who had been out in the village making some visits, came home, and seeing Miss Osborne at the gate talking with Johnny she invited her to come in. But Miss Osborne said she could not come in then, but would stop and talk with Johnny a little, and then she must go on.

‘I wish you could persuade him to walk more without his crutch,’ said Mrs Allen. ‘The doctor says that all his limbs require now is exercise and use, but Johnny has been so long in the habit of depending upon his crutch that I can’t persuade him to leave it off. I don’t wish to have him leave it off entirely, at first,—but gradually. I want him to use a cane instead, but he don’t like his cane.’

‘That’s because it don’t come up under my arm,’ said Johnny, ‘and so I can’t lean upon it.’

‘That is the very thing,’ rejoined his mother. ‘You lean upon your crutch too much, and so don’t use your own muscles enough to make them grow strong. If you would only use your cane, your

ame leg would grow and be as large and strong as he other by the time you are a man.

‘Besides,’ she added, ‘you might walk just as well with your cane as with your crutch, if you only had a mind to.’

So saying, Mrs Allen went into the house.

Mary Osborne determined at once that she would see what she could do to induce Johnny to walk more with his cane. But she did not attempt to employ argument and reason, for she knew perfectly well that arguments, no matter how complete and convincing they might be, had very little influence even upon grown people, in inducing them to pursue a course that was distasteful to them, and that they had no influence at all upon a child.

‘I should think *myself* that you could walk easier with your crutch than with a cane,’ she said.

‘I can,’ replied Johnny—‘a great deal easier.’

‘If *I* were lame I think I should much rather have a crutch than a cane,’ said Mary Osborne.

‘Yes,’ said Johnny. ‘It is a great deal better.’

If Mrs Allen had remained at the gate and had overheard these remarks of Mary Osborne’s she might have been somewhat displeased, as she would have concluded that Mary was trying to encourage Johnny in his persisting to use his crutch, and so doing all she could to thwart her own efforts to turn him from it. But the fact was

that Mary Osborne, by frankly admitting the superiority of the crutch, and expressing a fellow-feeling with Johnny, in his preference for it, established a bond of sympathy between herself and him, which at once gave her great influence over him.

Presently Mary Osborne asked Johnny to go into the house and bring out his cane, in order that she might see it, and also see how well he could walk with it, and Johnny did so. First he took a little turn with his crutch, and then with his cane, to let Miss Osborne see him walk in both ways.

'You walk very well with either of them,' said Mary Osborne. 'I suppose it is *easier* for you to have the crutch, but you look more like a large strong boy, when you are walking with your cane.'

Johnny had a great ambition to be a large strong boy, and this suggestion of Mary Osborne's, which was strictly true, inspired him with the first feeling of complacency towards his cane that he had ever experienced. He was much more effectually acted upon by the idea which Mary Osborne put into his mind, of looking like a large and strong boy at once, than by the remote prospect which his mother held out to him, of having both his legs alike when he was a man.

After some further conversation, Mary Osborne took the cane and examined it somewhat attentively, and then said that she thought she could

have some change made in it which would make it more convenient for him ; and she invited him to come to her house that afternoon at a certain hour which she specified, and to bring his cane with him,—telling him, however, first to ask his mother if she was willing that Mary Osborne should make a change in the cane.

At the appointed hour Johnny came, without his crutch, and walking with his cane. Mary Osborne then explained to him that her plan was to have a larger and smoother head made to his cane so that it should fit to his hand better. She also showed him a very small compass which she had, not much larger than a ten-cent piece, and she said she had a plan of having the compass fitted into the centre of the new head, smooth and even with the surface, so that he could see the little needle bobbing about whenever he lifted up his hand.

‘And then,’ said she, ‘if ever you get lost in the woods, and have your cane with you, you have only to look at the needle to see where the north is and you will know which way to go.’

Johnny was extremely delighted with this compass. Mary Osborne showed him how, with the point of a knife, or with a nail, or anything else of iron, he could make the needle veer this way and that, or even spin round in rapid rotation by moving the iron round and round swiftly over the glass.

He said he should like to have it in his cane very much indeed.

So Mary Osborne went with him to the umbrella-shop in the village, and there arranged with the umbrella-maker to fit a new and larger head to the cane, and to set the compass into the upper part of it, fixing it there securely with cement. The surface of the little glass which was placed over the needle was somewhat convex, and was very smooth, so that it would form a good continuation of the upper surface of the cane-head, and was even and smooth under Johnny's hand.

Mary Osborne gave the cane to the umbrella-maker in order that he might do the work upon it, and also paid him for what he was to do. Then she went away, leaving Johnny to wait until the work was done, and to amuse himself in the mean time by watching the operation.

In about an hour after this Johnny was seen going home with his cane, and stopping by the way to show it to every boy in the street. One of the boys, after watching the gyrations of the compass a few minutes in mute astonishment, exclaimed,


'My Hookie! I wish I was lame so that Mr Osborne would give me such a little compass.'

After this Johnny used his cane almost together, and quite neglected his crutch. He often went to go and see Mary Osborne, and play in a yard at Mr Osborne's house, and on one of

occasions something occurred which led him to go as a sort of visitor to Mary's class at the Sunday-school. And the reason why I have turned aside from the subject of the compositions, to give this account of Johnny, and of his acquaintance with Mary Osborne, is because Johnny actually tried to write a composition, and brought it to the class to have it read, on the day when the compositions were presented. How it happened that he was led to go to the class, will be explained in the next chapter, and this will make it necessary for me to put off describing how Mary Osborne managed in regard to the compositions of her class to the next chapter but one.

## CHAPTER XV.

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL VISITOR.

NE Saturday afternoon—and it happened to be about the time when the classes in the Sunday-school were just beginning the course of lessons on the voyage of the Apostle Paul, which has already been several times spoken of—little Johnny was playing in Mr Osborne's yard, while Mary was seated on the piazza, studying the lesson. After a time she laid the books aside and took some work out of a little work-basket which stood on a small table near her, and began to sew.

Little Johnny seeing this, came along the yard to the steps of the piazza, and looking up, said,

'Now, Miss Osborne, you have done studying your books, and perhaps you could tell me a story.'

'Well,' said Mary Osborne, 'I will. Once there was a man, and all the people of the town were against him. And yet he was a good man, and had not done anything that was wrong.'

'What was his name?' asked Johnny.

'Paul,' replied Mary Osborne.

‘And what was his other name?’ asked Johnny.

‘I don’t know whether he had any other name,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘At least, I never heard of any other.’

‘The people of the town made a great riot, and came very near pulling the man in pieces. The governor of the town lived in a castle on a hill, where he had soldiers and—’

‘And guns?’ suggested Johnny.

‘No, not guns,’ replied Mary Osborne. ‘Guns were not invented in those days. But they had horsemen in the castle, and arms of various kinds, and a great many foot-soldiers. Somebody came to the governor and told him there was a great riot in the town, and that there was a man there that the people were going to kill. So he sent down a captain and a company of men and took Paul away and brought him to the castle, and put him in a prison-room, there to keep him safely until he could have him tried and find out what he had done.’

‘The men that were going to kill Paul were very angry at having him taken away from them in this way, and they determined that they would kill him still, in spite of the governor and all his soldiers. So they banded themselves together—forty of them—and took a solemn oath to kill Paul. Their plan was to lie in wait, and when the governor brought Paul out in order to take him into court to try him,



they were to break out suddenly upon him and kill him.'

'And did they do it?' asked Johnny.

'No,' replied Mary Osborne. 'The governor found out their plan. A boy went and told him. This boy was Paul's nephew. He heard some of the men talking of their plan, and threatening, and so he went to the castle and told Paul; and Paul asked one of the guards to take him to the governor, and so he told the governor, and the governor formed a plan to circumvent the forty conspirators.'

'What does that mean?' asked Johnny.

'Why, to stop them from their plan,' said Mary Osborne—'to prevent them from succeeding in waylaying Paul and killing him.'

'And what did he do?' asked Johnny.

'He determined to send Paul away to another town, where the governor of the whole country lived, and where there were a great many more soldiers than he himself had. He kept his plan very secret, and determined to send Paul off in the night, when he thought the forty men would not be watching for him.

'But for fear that they might be watching for him, he determined to send a strong guard with him all the way, and a *very* strong guard for the first part of the way, that is, until he was entirely beyond the town.

'So he sent for two captains. He ordered the

first captain to get ready a troop of seventy horsemen. These were to go all the way, and take Paul with them. The other captain was to get ready several companies of soldiers. These were to go as far as the first village on the way, so as to get Paul well beyond the reach of the forty conspirators. The governor ordered the captains to have their men ready that night at nine o'clock, and in the mean time to keep the whole plan a profound secret.

'At nine o'clock the horsemen and the soldiers were all ready in the castle yard, and they brought Paul out and set him upon a horse, and then the whole cavalcade set out on the journey. And that is all I can tell you now. That is as far as I have studied.'

'Studied?' repeated Johnny. 'Do you have to study the stories that you tell me?'

'Some of them,' replied Mary Osborne. 'I studied this one. It is part of my Sunday-school lesson. It is in the Bible.'

'I did not know that there was any such story as that in the Bible,' said Johnny.

'There is,' replied Mary Osborne. 'I have studied out a part of it, and I am going to study out the rest and relate it to my class to-morrow, in the Sunday-school.'

'I wish I belonged to your class,' said Johnny, 'long enough to hear the rest of that story.'

‘I should not like very well,’ replied Mary Osborne, ‘to have anybody belong to my class, who was only going to stay in it long enough to hear the end of one particular story. But you might come as a visitor, perhaps, long enough for that.’

‘Do you have visitors in your class?’ asked Johnny.

‘Sometimes,’ replied Mary Osborne. ‘At any rate I should be very glad to have you.’

Johnny at once determined that, if his mother would consent, he would accept this invitation. When he asked his mother the question, she said she had no objection, provided he would go with his cane instead of his crutch. Johnny said that that was what he was going to do, and so the affair was settled.

After the service on the following day, Mary Osborne, on her way to her class, went round by Mrs Allen’s pew, to take charge of Johnny. He was very glad of this, for he felt afraid to go alone. Johnny gave one hand to Mary Osborne, and with the other he supported himself upon the cane.

When they reached the pew where the class assembled, Mary Osborne gave Johnny a seat at the end, upon a high chair which always stood there. It was a chair belonging to the family who occupied that pew, and was used by the family for one of the children, a little girl, who liked a high seat where she could see.

Johnny liked his seat very much. As soon as he had taken it he placed his cane in the corner, and Mary Osborne soon saw that Jenny Dart's curiosity was attracted to the compass on the top of it so strongly that she could not pay attention to the lesson.

Mary Osborne immediately took the cane and showed the compass to all her scholars. She explained the nature and use of it, and showed them how the needle always pointed to the north, so that persons lost in the woods, or sailors in a ship at sea, if they only had a compass, could always tell which way to go. She explained to them, moreover, that the compass was a modern discovery altogether; that no such thing was known in ancient times, and consequently persons lost in the woods, or out at sea, had nothing but the sun and stars to guide them, and thus when it was cloudy they had no means of guidance at all.

'You will see by-and-by,' she added, 'when we come to the storm which the Apostle Paul encountered on his voyage, that the seamen for a long time could not find out which way to go, because they could not see the sun or the stars.'

When the curiosity of all the children in the class had been fully satisfied about the compass, Mary Osborne went on with the lesson.

Johnny was very much pleased with being a visitor at Mary Osborne's class, and he became

quite interested in the account of Paul's voyage, so that he continued to visit the class every Sunday for several weeks. And thus it happened that he was present at the time the subject for the composition was given out.

When Mrs Wakeman gave out the composition to her class, she said to her scholars that it was perfectly easy for them to write compositions if they only thought so, and she expected that every one of them would come prepared. There must not be a single failure.

Mary Osborne spoke very differently to her class, without, however, at all meaning to refer to what Mrs Wakeman had said, for she had not heard her. She told her scholars that writing composition was very difficult.

'It is not difficult in itself, perhaps,' she said, 'but it is difficult for you, because you are not accustomed to it. The way is to get your paper and pencil all ready, and sit down at a table, and then open the Bible and read the verses that give an account of the storm, and then shut up the book and begin at once to write upon the paper what you can remember.

'Still it requires a good deal of resolution to do this, and a good deal of perseverance to finish your work after you have begun it. I don't expect all of you will succeed. If I get three compositions out of the class I shall be satisfied, and I shall


think that those who write them deserve a great deal of credit.'

Mary Osborne, moreover, expressed the opinion that whatever compositions she might receive, would come rather from the younger than the older scholars. They all seemed surprised at this, and some of them said they should think the older scholars could write the best.

'They *could* probably write best,' replied Mary Osborne, 'if they were to try; but they will be more afraid to try than the younger ones. The younger ones are not so afraid, and so are more willing to do the best they can. I should not be surprised if even Johnny were to bring me a composition.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE COMPOSITIONS.

S Mary Osborne's scholars went home the day when the exercise in composition was assigned, they every one resolved that they would write. Since the teacher had admitted that it was a difficult thing to do, while at the same time she told them exactly how to go to work to do it, and said that she did not expect all of them would succeed, and that those who should succeed would show a great deal of resolution and perseverance, and would deserve a great deal of credit, and, moreover, held out the idea that the younger ones would, on the whole, be quite as likely to succeed as the older ones, if not more likely, they all resolved to try. Even Johnny himself resolved to try. He told his mother that he never *had* written a composition in all his life, but that he did not believe but that he *could* write one, since Miss Osborne had told him exactly how to do it.

And true enough, at the next meeting of the class, Johnny was seen coming into the pew with

his paper in his hand. Four of the other scholars also had papers. The rest, though they had resolved to write, had not kept their resolutions.

‘Five compositions!’ said Mary Osborne, with an expression of great satisfaction on her face. ‘I did not expect nearly so many. And now I will read them. I will read Johnny’s first.’

So she opened Johnny’s paper and found within two lines, which as nearly as types can represent Johnny’s chirography, were as follows :

*tHey picHeD tHe THinGs oVer boReD  
to sAve the SHip From sincinG*

Mary Osborne read the lines aloud, preserving, however, a very grave and serious face. Jenny Dart began to laugh, and Johnny looked up at her quite indignantly. Jenny, however, perceiving that the teacher did not smile, sobered herself again very suddenly.

‘She is laughing because it is so short, I suppose,’ said Johnny, ‘but that is because I could not write any more, my hand was so tired. I could think of ever so much more to say, but I could not write it very well.’

‘It is long enough,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘It would not be best for you to try to write any more than that for the first time.’



'I suppose there are a great many mistakes in it,' said Johnny.

'Are there?' said Mary Osborne, opening the paper again and looking at the writing. 'I did not take particular notice of any mistakes. Let me see if you have spelled the words right. Ship. S-h-i-p. Yes, that is right. Things. T-h-i-n-g-s. Yes, that is right too. I think you have spelled almost all the words right, and that is very hard to do when you first write composition. I see you have printed some of the letters, when you did not know how to write them. That was right. When you are writing composition, always print the letters when you come to any that you don't know how to write.

'It is written very plain, too, so that anybody could read it. I think you might write a letter. If you wanted anything from the city, such as a sled, for example, and you saw an advertisement in a newspaper, telling you who had sleds to sell, I think you could write a letter to the man and ask him to send you one by express, so that he would understand it perfectly well. And that is a great thing.'

Johnny was very much pleased to hear Mary Osborne speak thus of his composition. He determined that as soon as he got home he would sit down and write another.

It was in the same spirit, though not in the same terms, that Mary Osborne commented upon

the other compositions, as she read them in succession. That is to say, in reading the several compositions her attention was turned not to searching for faults in them to criticize, but for excellencies to commend. When she came to a good sentence she said, 'That is very well expressed.' When she came to good handwriting, she said, 'How well you have written this, Mary. Here is a line that is excellent. Every letter in it is well formed. See !'

And so saying, she would hold up the composition and point out the line in question, that all the scholars might see the hand-writing.

It might at first be imagined that by thus pointing out what was right in each composition, and saying nothing about what was wrong, the scholars would not know what their faults were, and so would not be able to correct them. But it was not so, for Mary Osborne gave her scholars continual instructions to guide them in the future, though she did not base these instructions on fault-finding in respect to the past.

For example, the compositions of the young scholars in her class were all very faulty in regard to punctuation. Mary Osborne took no notice of this in reading them, but when at length she came to one which was correct, she said, 'I see you have made your periods all right, at the ends of the sentences. It is a very excellent thing to put in the stops properly when you are writing. If you look

in any book,' she added, addressing herself now to the whole class, 'you will see that there is a period at the end of every sentence, and that the next sentence begins with a capital letter.'

'I don't know what a capital letter is,' said Johnny, 'nor a period, nor a sentence. What is a sentence?'

How unreasonable it would be to find fault with the composition of such a boy as Johnny, on account of errors in respect to commas, and periods, and capitals, when he did not even know what any of these things were. And boys of his age never know about such things as these unless they are explained to them, and when they are explained to them the explanations should never come to them associated with criticisms and fault-finding in respect to previous efforts, when in making the efforts they did as well as they knew how.

'A sentence,' said Mary Osborne, in answer to Johnny, 'is any one particular thing that you say. In writing a long composition you say a good many different things. You remember you said yourself that you could think of a good many more things to say, besides that they threw the goods overboard, only you were too tired to write them. Now, if you had written all those different things, each one would have formed a sentence. And always when you come to the end of any one thing you are saying, you must remember that you are coming to the

end of your *sentence*, and so you must put a period there. A period is a little dot.'

'I did not know about that,' said Johnny.

'Then, perhaps, you did not put any period at the end of your composition,' replied Mary Osborne. 'You did not need but one period, because you only had one sentence. I will see.'

So saying, Mary Osborne opened Johnny's paper, and said,

'No. There is no period, but you can make it now, just as well.'

As she said this she opened a book and showed Johnny several periods, at the ends of sentences, and read the sentences, so as to show that each one formed a complete statement by itself. She then shut the book and placed Johnny's paper on the back of it, and gave him a pencil to make the period with, at the end of the last word.

Johnny took a great deal of satisfaction in making the period, and he resolved that the next time he wrote a composition he would watch for the ends of the sentences, and put periods at every one of them. Of course, in attempting to do this, he would at first make 'a great many mistakes and failures, and it would be a long time before he would be able to punctuate his writing correctly. But Mary Osborne had put him upon the right track, and inspired him with a strong desire to press forward in it.

‘There is one thing more I must tell you,’ added Mary Osborne, ‘and that is about capital letters. *Capital* means *head*, and capital letters are head letters. They are used for beginnings. They are larger than the other letters, and they are made differently. You must make capital letters, if you know how to make them, at the beginning of all sentences, and of all names of persons and places. If you look at any page in the Bible, you will find that every verse begins with a capital letter.’

Here the younger scholars in the class looked into their Testaments to see the capital letters at the beginning of the verses.

Mary Osborne went on in this manner, explaining to her pupils various things connected with composition writing, but not connecting her explanations at all with any faults she had observed in their work. She noticed and remembered the faults she had observed, but avoided speaking of them or making any allusion to them, even indirect allusions, but treasured them up in her mind, intending when the next subject of composition should be assigned, to give her class particular instructions in regard to all those points. It would be much better, she thought, for *her* to remember the points in which her scholars were deficient, and give them the necessary teaching in respect to them when the time should come for them to write again,


and when, of course, they could immediately put her teachings into practice, than to do it then, and trust to *their* treasuring up what she should tell them, so as to have it ready when the time should come for making another trial. Besides, as has already been said, her instructions, if given when the time should come for a new exercise, would take the form, not of fault-finding with an exercise performed, but of aid and assistance in respect to one *to be* performed ; and so would be likely to be listened to by her scholars with attention, and received with pleasure.

After reading all the compositions, Mary Osborne gave the papers back to the several writers, and recommended to them to carry them home and keep them safely.

‘And then,’ said she, ‘when you write your next composition you can compare it with this one and see how much you have improved. When the next composition is given out, I will tell you some things about writing, which will help you to improve. I can tell you some things that will make it easier for you to write, and help you to write even better compositions than these.’

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A VISIT FROM JOHNNY.

T must not be supposed from Mary Osborne's indulgence in respect to the faults of her scholars' compositions, as related in the last chapter, and from her general dislike to fault-finding, that she made it a principle *never* to reprove children, who were under her care, for their wrong-doing. The cases in which she thought fault-finding injudicious and injurious were those in which the faults and errors were the results of ignorance or inexperience, and not of a wilful intention to do wrong. When a child who was under her charge in any way was guilty of doing deliberately what he knew or might know was wrong, she then had no objection at all to finding fault with him. On the contrary, she thought that in such cases the best thing to be done was for her to come up and face the wrong-doing in a very distinct and decided manner—not, indeed, with angry words and scolding, but kindly and gently—and yet in such a way as to meet the

difficulty squarely and bring it to a distinct and positive issue.

The very next week after Mary Osborne had been so indulgent with Johnny about the faults and mistakes in his composition, she had occasion to be very strict and decided with him in a case of disobedience, which was a fault of a very different character. The case was this :

The garden pertaining to Mr Osborne's house extended back some distance, and there was a certain place where it joined Mrs Allen's garden, there being only a fence between. Near this place, on Mr Osborne's side, was a little summer-house, with a plat of green grass before it, and some walks and borders of flowers at the sides.

Mary Osborne used often to take her book and her work and come out to this summer-house, and one afternoon, while she was sitting there, she heard Johnny's voice on the other side of the fence. He was playing in his mother's garden. He had a small, short board, with a nail driven into the end of it, and a string tied to the nail, which served him for a cart, and he had a small whip in his hand, with which from time to time he whipped a pretended horse that he had to draw his cart, though as there was nothing real to represent a horse, the lash of his whip fell always upon the cart and upon the ground near it.

For a time Mary Osborne took no notice of



Johnny at his play, and he did not even know that she was near. But after a while, having finished her reading, and being about to take up her work, she said to herself,

‘Now perhaps Johnny would like to come over on this side and play about here, where he can have my company a little.’

‘If Mary Osborne had thought of herself only, she would, on the whole, have preferred to be alone, and to leave Johnny to his own resources in his own garden. But she took pleasure in trying, on all occasions, to make all around her happy ; and besides, she pitied Johnny particularly, on account of his lameness, and she thought the enjoyment she would feel in witnessing his gratification in being near her, and in being able to talk to her from time to time, and to come to her with his questions, would more than compensate for any inconvenience she might experience from the interruptions.

Accordingly she went to the fence, and calling to Johnny, proposed to him her plan that he should come over on her side and play. Johnny was delighted with this invitation, and immediately climbed over the fence, bringing his cart and his whip with him, and also his compass-cane

He played about upon the grass plat and upon the walks for some time, Mary Osborne, as he considered it, playing with him. The only way, how-

ever, in which she played with him was in aiding his imagination by suggesting ideas and fancies to his mind. She made believe that he was a teamster, whom she was employing to haul goods, and gave him the name of Mr Whippletree, and sent him for loads of different kinds of merchandise and produce. Now it was loaf-sugar, in lumps, represented by white pebble stones. Again it was brown sugar, represented by sand, and in a third case hay, which Johnny gathered by pulling the grass, and then bound upon his cart by means of a string, which Mary Osborne helped him to make, by doubling and twisting some of her cotton thread.

Johnny had, it seems, some very frisky and unmanageable horses in his imaginary team, and he often stopped by the way, as he was hauling his loads to and fro, to have difficulty with them. On these occasions he used his whip very freely, bringing down the lash vigorously upon his imaginary horses, though it fell, of course, not upon any actual representation of horses, but upon the cart and the path, and sometimes on the margin of the grass plat at one side. He was very careful not to let it fall upon the other side, for there was a border of flowers on that side, and many of the flowers were in bloom.

While Johnny was amusing himself in this way, his mother happened to come out into the garden to gather some lettuce for the purpose of

making a salad for dinner ; and hearing Johnny's voice on the other side of the fence, she came and looked over, to see what he was doing.

'Ah, Johnny!' said Mrs Allen. 'Here you are! I could not imagine what had become of you. I'm afraid you are troublesome to Miss Osborne.'

'Oh, no,' said Mary. 'He is not troublesome at all. On the contrary, he helps to amuse me while I am sitting here at my work. We are having a very nice time together.'

'But Johnny,' said Mrs Allen, 'you must not strike about so with your whip. You will break down some of Miss Osborne's flowers. Indeed, you ought not to have your whip at all in Miss Osborne's garden. Bring it to me.'

'No,' said Johnny, 'I want to keep it.'

'Johnny,' said Mary Osborne, 'you must obey your mother. Carry her the whip.'

The reason why Mary Osborne gave Johnny this command was not because she was unwilling that he should keep the whip, nor because she feared for her flowers, for Johnny was really very careful not to strike the flowers, and there was consequently little danger of his doing any harm. But she thought that children ought always to obey their mother, and as Johnny had received a command from his mother, everything else was to remain in suspense until the command was obeyed.

Her plan was, that as soon as this had been done, that is, as soon as Johnny had given up the whip, she would herself ask his mother to restore it to him, telling her at the same time that he was careful not to do any harm with it, and she had no objection at all to his keeping it. Then his mother would have given it back to him, and he could have gone on with his play as before.

If Mary Osborne had simply told him of her plan, that is, if she had said, You must obey your mother, Johnny, and carry her the whip, like a good boy ; but when you have done it I will ask her immediately to give it back to you again, for I don't think you will do any harm with it, then it is probable that he would have obeyed.

But Mary Osborne would not do this. She knew very well that there was no more effectual way of undermining and destroying everything like *authority* over the mind of a child than by accompanying commands with reasonings, promises, and persuasions. Children must be trained to obey commands as *commands* upon the simple principle of *submission to authority*, and she knew that this principle of submission was always greatly weakened, and in the end entirely destroyed, by attempting to eke it out with coaxings, promises, or bribes.

In accordance with these views, she abstained purposely from saying anything to Johnny about her intention of having the whip restored to him

immediately after he should have surrendered it, and said simply,

‘You must obey your mother, Johnny. Carry her the whip.’

Johnny did not feel quite so much at his ease in disobeying Mary Osborne as he did in disobeying his mother. Still he was not willing to give up his whip, even at her command. He, however, stopped his whipping, hung his head, and said in a low voice,

‘No, I want to keep my whip.’

‘Well, at any rate,’ said Mrs Allen, ‘you must not whip Miss Osborne’s flowers. I am afraid he will do some damage, Miss Osborne.’

‘He ought to obey you,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘when you tell him to bring you the whip, but I don’t think he will do any damage to the flowers, for he is very careful.’

‘Oh, well, if he is careful,’ said Mrs Allen, ‘he may keep the whip. I was afraid he might do some damage with it.’

So saying, she turned and went away.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MODE OF DEALING WITH DISOBEDIENCE.

**W**HEN Johnny refused to give up his whip, as his mother first, and afterward Mary Osborne, had commanded him to do, and when afterward Mary Osborne told his mother that she did not think that he would do any damage with it, and his mother appeared satisfied, he supposed that Mary Osborne was satisfied too, and that the whole affair was amicably settled. But it was not settled by any means.

Johnny had taken his seat upon the grass by the side of the pathway, feeling still some little mental disquietude on account of what had occurred, being after all not perfectly sure how Mary Osborne might have taken it, when, after a moment's pause, Mary Osborne said to him, speaking in a tone expressive of disappointment and sorrow,

‘Now, Johnny, you have done a great deal of mischief.’

Johnny instinctively raised his eyes to the

flower-border, and began to look among the flowers to see if he had struck down any of them.

‘Where?’ said he.

‘Not there,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘You have not broken any of the flowers, and if you had I should not have cared much for it.’

‘Then what mischief have I done?’ asked Johnny.

‘You have spoiled all our play,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘by disobeying me. I told you to carry the whip to your mother, and you did not obey me. And that has spoiled all the play.’

Johnny hung his head and did not reply.

‘And we were having such a nice time together!’ said Mary Osborne, in a mournful tone.

‘But I want to keep my whip,’ said Johnny. ‘I could not play without my whip.’

‘That’s the very thing,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘There is no particular good in giving up your whip when you don’t want it. But when you *do* want your whip, and especially if you want it very much indeed, if *then* you give it to your mother when she calls for it, that is the very best kind of obedience. Indeed that is the only kind that is good at all.’

While saying these things Mary Osborne had been putting up her work, and now she rose from her seat and approaching Johnny, she put out her hand to him.

'Where are you going?' asked Johnny.

'Take your cane, and your whip, and your cart, and come with me. I will tell you what to do.'

Mary Osborne was going to send Johnny home. The most obvious way of doing this would have been to have directed him to climb over the fence back into his mother's garden. But Mary Osborne was not much acquainted with Johnny yet, and she did not know how obstinate and unmanageable he might become, if irritated and made angry. She thought it possible that if she directed him to return over the fence he might refuse to do so, and it would be out of her power to compel him to do it if he should so refuse. The only course which would be left to her in that case would be to go away and leave him, and she thought that if she were to do that he might become so exasperated as to do some wanton and perhaps serious mischief.

She was careful not to get into a contest with him under circumstances which would give him such an advantage over her. She had accordingly determined to lead him quietly through the garden and out to the yard, and thence through the front gate into the road, and then dismiss him. By pursuing this course she made it much more difficult for him to resist her, in her intention of sending him home.

Johnny did not know exactly what Mary Os-



borne was going to do with him, but he had a feeling that it was some kind of reproof or punishment that she was preparing for him, and so he felt a desire to say something in excuse or extenuation of his fault.

‘My mother did not care anything about my giving her the whip,’ at length he said, as he and Mary Osborne were walking along the grand alley of the garden, toward the front gate.

‘That makes no difference,’ said Mary Osborne. ‘She commanded you to bring it to her, and you ought to have obeyed. Don’t you think it is wrong for a boy to disobey his mother?’

‘I—don’t—know,’ said Johnny, speaking hesitatingly.

‘It *is* very wrong,’ replied Mary Osborne. ‘When your mother directs you to do anything, no matter whether you think she does not care much about it or not, and no matter how unwilling you may be to do it, you *ought* to do it at once, and it is very wrong for you to disobey.’

Johnny was silent.

‘Then, besides, you disobeyed *me* too,’ added Mary Osborne. ‘I directed you to carry the whip to your mother, and you would not do it even then. So you disobeyed me too.’

‘But, Miss Osborne,’ said Johnny, ‘why am I bound to obey you? You are not my mother.’

‘No,’ said Miss Osborne, ‘you are *not* bound to

obey me. You can do just as you please about that. But I should think you *would* obey me out of gratitude.'

'What does that mean?' asked Johnny.

'Why, I should think you would like to obey me because I gave you your little compass, and because I invite you to come over and play in our garden and then help you play. But then you are not *obliged* to obey me. You cannot disobey your mother without doing very wrong, but you can do as you please about disobeying me. And then I can do as I please about letting you stay and play here.'

'What are you going to do with me now?' said Johnny.

'I am going to send you home,' replied Mary Osborne, 'out by the front gate.'

'But suppose I stay here,' said Johnny, 'and won't go.'

'Then,' said Mary Osborne, 'I should leave you and go and ask Thomas to come and carry you out.'

Thomas was one of the men who was employed at Mr Osborne's to take care of the yard and garden.

'But I would not go,' said Johnny. 'I would scream and kick.'

'Thomas would like that,' said Mary Osborne. 'The screaming would only amuse him, and as for

the kicking, he would easily stop that by getting a strap out of the stable and strapping your ankles together. He would imagine that he was Rarey, taming a wild horse, and it would be good play for him.'

Johnny concluded that on the whole it would not be expedient for him to resort to kicking and screaming on that occasion, and so he continued to walk along with Mary Osborne. Indeed the growing tendency toward a spirit of rebellion which was manifesting itself in his mind, was stopped, and in some measure broken up by the diversion of his thoughts produced by Mary Osborne's presenting to him such images as strapping a boy's ankles together, and Rarey's taming a wild horse. Any new and striking turn given to the thoughts of a child in such a case will often ward off a coming fit of obstinacy.

It was in a great measure on this account that Mary Osborne made the allusion to Rarey, and finding that Johnny was disposed to listen, she went on to tell him something about the great horse-tamer's exploits, to all of which Johnny listened with great interest, and soon began to appear in very good humour again. He was always interested in hearing about horses.

'I am very sorry to have to send you home,' said Mary Osborne at length, 'because I like you very much, and like to have you come here to play.'

But you see it won't do for me to have any children here in my father's garden and grounds, unless I can depend upon their obeying me *immediately* and *always*, whatever I command them. I shall try you again some day.'

'Try me now,' said Johnny. 'I'll obey you now.'

'No,' said Mary. 'The play is spoiled for to-day. But you may come to-morrow, and I will try you then, if I have occasion to command you to do something you are unwilling to do. Unless it is something you don't wish to do, you know there is no particular good in the obedience.'

'But first,' added Mary Osborne, 'before I send you home I am going to show you my swing.'


So saying, Mary Osborne took Johnny into a back building where there was a swing, and she let him get into it, and swung him in it some time. She counted the oscillations, and swung him until they amounted to thirty. Then she led him to the gate which opened into the street, and bade him good-bye. He bade her good-bye, too, and they parted as if they were the best friends in the world.

Thus it appears that while in respect to such mistakes and errors on the part of children, as result from ignorance and inexperience, Mary Osborne was extremely careful not to find fault even in the most gentle way, but endeavoured to ~~sumoly~~

the knowledge and experience that was wanting by other modes ; yet in cases of deliberate and wilful wrong-doing, she brought herself squarely and fully to confront the transgression, and adopted the most firm and decided measures for correcting the evil, though she carried out these measures in a very kind, and gentle, and good-natured manner.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TEACHING CHILDREN TO OBEY.

MARY OSBORNE liked very much to make acquaintance with such children as Johnny, who had not been trained to obey the authority set over them, because it gave her pleasure to train them herself to this obedience. If she had heard of any child in the town that was particularly disobedient, wilful, and stubborn, that would be the very boy that she would have liked to invite to come and play in the yard and garden at her father's house, while she was herself at work on the piazza, or engaged in taking care of her flowers, in order that she might have his disobedience, wilfulness, and obstinacy to practise upon, and see what she could do towards correcting these faults.

She knew very well before she invited Johnny to come and play at her house that he never would obey his mother's commands when they thwarted his inclinations in any way, and she was particularly desirous to have him come and see her from time

to time, in order to have the pleasure of trying to see whether she could make him obey *her*.

For a day or two after the affair related in the last chapter, when Johnny was sent home on account of his refusing to do what Mary Osborne directed him, he felt somewhat afraid to see her again, expecting that she would give him a lecture for his disobedience. At one time, in fact, when he saw her coming, he ran off round the barn to hide. The next day, however, he felt less afraid, and so he waited at the gate when he saw Mary Osborne coming, though he looked rather abashed and shy. He was wondering whether she had forgotten his offence or not, and if she had not, whether she would have anything to say about it.

Mary Osborne was walking along a little terrace which led to a sort of open summer-house on the corner of a wall, from which she could look over to the gate where Johnny was standing. She had her bonnet on, and a book in her hand. Johnny's fears were all at once allayed as soon as she spoke, for she accosted him with,

'Ah! Johnny, I was looking for you. I am going down to my willow-seat, to read a little while, and I want you to go with me to take care of me. You can take your fishing-line with you if you please, and fish in the brook while I am reading.'

The willow-seat, as Mary Osborne called it, was

a very plain but extremely comfortable seat under some large willows that grew on the bank of a stream upon her father's grounds, at some distance from the house. It was a very pleasant place, and Mary Osborne often used to go there with her work or her book. The willows stood at a place where the brook was expanded into quite a little pond, long and winding in form, and very pretty, with banks of flowers and little paths along the margin of it.

Johnny was of course delighted with this proposal.

So he went in to obtain his mother's permission, and to get his fishing tackle, and soon afterward he and Mary Osborne were walking along together by a winding road which led to the pond.

'Now, Miss Osborne,' said Johnny, 'you can tell me a story as we are walking along.'

'Very well,' said Mary, 'I will. Once there was a general making a campaign in the enemy's country. One day he came to the door of his tent and looked about to find some one to send away. He saw a captain sitting on a camp-stool reading a newspaper. His horse was picketed near him.

'What does that mean?' asked Johnny.

'Fastened to a little stake driven into the ground,' replied Mary Osborne. 'Such little stakes are called pickets.'



Some persons, in talking to children, try to use only such words as they can understand. But Mary Osborne always brought into her stories a certain number of new and strange words, taking care, however, to bring them in in such a connection as to excite the children's curiosity, and lead them to ask for the meaning of them.

'The general ordered the captain,' said Mary Osborne, continuing her story, 'to mount his horse and ride to the top of a certain hill and reconnoitre.'

'What is that?' asked Johnny.

'To look through a spy-glass all about,' said Mary Osborne, 'and see if he could discover the enemy, and if he could, see if he could find out what they were doing.'

'When the general had given this order he went back into his tent, and the captain went on reading his newspaper.'

'And would not go to reconnoitre?' asked Johnny.

'No,' rejoined Mary Osborne. 'After a time the general came out again, and when he found the captain had not obeyed him, he called him to account.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked Johnny.

'I mean he asked him why he had not obeyed the command,' replied Mary Osborne. 'And what do you think the captain said?'

'I don't know,' said Johnny. 'What was it? Tell me.'

'He said he did not like to go, for he wanted to stay where he was and read his newspaper. Do you think that was a good excuse?'

'No, indeed,' said Johnny. 'What did the general do?'

'He ordered five soldiers to come and seize the captain and carry him off to prison.'

'A few days after this the general came to the door of his tent, and after talking with some of his officers a few minutes, he said that he had a great mind to send out a foraging party that night.'

'What is that?' asked Johnny.

'Why a party with teams to buy hay and fodder for the horses and bring it to camp. He was uncertain whether to send out the party that night, or to wait until the next morning. Finally he concluded to send that night, and he ordered one of the captains to get ready a train of wagons and a troop of horse so as to start in half-an-hour.'

'The general then went back into his tent. The captain did not move. One of the other officers asked him if he was not going to obey the command, and he said no. The other officer asked him why not. He said he did not think the general cared much about sending out that night, and so he was not going to do it.'

'Miss Osborne,' said Johnny, 'that's pretty

much what I told you about the whip. I said I did not think mother cared much about it.'

'So you did,' replied Mary Osborne. 'Do you think it was a good excuse for the captain?'

'No,' said Johnny. 'What did the general do?'

'When he came out half-an-hour afterward, and found that nothing had been done, and heard the captain's excuse, he turned him out of the army and sent him home in disgrace.'

'If I were a general,' said Johnny, 'I would not have a soldier in all my army that would not obey me.'

'And if I were a soldier,' said Mary Osborne, 'I would always obey the orders of my general on the instant, whatever they were.'

'So would I,' said Johnny.

'And if I were a child,' continued Mary Osborne, 'I would obey my mother, and anybody else that had the charge of me, on the instant, and whatever they commanded me.'

'Well,'—said Johnny, hesitating, 'I mean to. At any rate I mean to obey *you* after this, whatever you tell me to do.'

'Oh, no!' said Mary Osborne.

'I do, really,' said Johnny.

'Oh, no!' repeated Mary Osborne. 'You *think* you will now, but when it comes to the point, you will disobey just as you did before.'

‘No,’ said Johnny, speaking very positively, ‘I am determined that when it comes to the point I will obey you.’

‘I suppose,’ rejoined Mary Osborne, ‘if it is something that you would as lief do as not, you will do it ; but if it is anything that you don’t like to do, or if you are doing something else that you do not like to leave, then I am sure you will disobey me.’

‘No,’ said Johnny. ‘I am determined to obey you whether I like it or not. Try me.’

How Mary Osborne tried him, and what was the result of the trial, will be seen in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE TRIALS.



WHEN Mary Osborne on her walk with Johnny to the willow-seat, where she was going to sit and read while he amused himself with fishing in the brook near by, related to him the stories of the disobedient captains, which she made up for the occasion with a view of awakening in his mind some idea of the excellence and moral beauty of obedience, and he made those positive declarations that henceforth he should certainly always obey all her commands, it will be recollected that she seemed somewhat incredulous in regard to his keeping his promises.

‘Oh, no!’ she said. ‘You *think* you will always obey me, but when it comes to the point you will fail.’

‘Try me,’ said Johnny. ‘Just try me, and you will see.’

‘Very well,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘I will try you presently. I will watch for an opportunity to give

you a command, and you will see how you will contrive to have some excuse for disobeying me.'

After walking along a few steps, and talking on indifferent matters, Mary Osborne pointed to a seat under some trees not far from the path.

'Johnny,' said she, 'go and sit down upon that seat and stay there till I come back.'

Johnny looked up surprised, and began to say, 'But I want—,' when suddenly perceiving a lurking smile on Mary Osborne's face, his thoughts came to him, and he ran to the seat and sat down. Mary Osborne, after taking a few steps forward, turned round and came back laughing, and saying at the same time—

'Ah, Johnny, I came very near catching you that time, but you were a little too sharp for me. Come.'

So saying, she held out her hand for Johnny to come and rejoin her.

'Did not I obey?' asked Johnny.

'Yes,' said Mary Osborne. 'You did *that* time. But the next time I shall catch you, I am pretty sure. I have got a plan in my mind—a very cunning plan for catching you.'

Johnny was greatly excited to know what the plan was, and finally Mary Osborne allowed herself to be persuaded to tell him.

'I am going to watch until I see a butterfly. Then I shall tell you to run and see if you can

catch him. You can run pretty fast now, with your cane. When you get pretty near him, and have your cap in the air, all ready to catch him, I shall call out suddenly, "Johnny, come to me." But you will be so much interested in catching the butterfly that you will not obey. You will say to yourself, "I'll catch the butterfly first, and then I will go."

'No,' said Johnny, jumping and capering about at the same time with excitement. 'No, I shall stop running after the butterfly and come to you that very instant.'

'Ah!' said Mary Osborne, 'we shall see.'

Talking together in this manner, Mary Osborne and Johnny walked on until they drew near to the willow-seat. Mary Osborne did not see any butterfly, it is true, but she tried Johnny in various other ways, as if she were really desirous of catching him in some act of disobedience, while Johnny, on his part, was kept constantly on the alert to avoid getting caught. When they reached their place of destination, Mary Osborne took her place upon the willow-seat, and opened her book, while Johnny went to the margin of the water and commenced his fishing.

In a few minutes, just as he had become fairly settled at his work, having taken his seat upon a flat stone, and thrown his line into the water, and being just ready to expect a bite, Mary Osborne called out to him—

‘Johnny, take out your line, lay it down upon the bank, and come here.’

Johnny hesitated for a moment, but it was only for a moment. He pulled up his line, laid the pole and line down upon the grass, took up his cane, and went to the willow-seat as fast as he could go.

‘I thought I should catch you; that time,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘but I did not.’

‘No,’ said Johnny. ‘You didn’t catch me that time. Was that all you wanted—to see if I would obey you?’

‘That was part,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘but not all. I wanted to give you a net to put your fishes in.’

So saying Mary Osborne drew from her pocket a kind of bag-net which she had brought, and gave it to Johnny to put any fishes in that he might catch. Johnny was greatly pleased with the net, and after having received it he went back to the water.

In this way Mary Osborne gave Johnny a number of commands from time to time—as if she was trying to take him off his guard and catch him in an act of disobedience. She was careful, however, always to have some good reason for every command, besides her wish to put his obedience to the test.

In the mean time, Johnny was pretty successful in his fishing. He caught several small fishes, and



put them in his net, and whenever he caught one that was a little larger than the average, he always held it up for Mary Osborne to see.

At length, after things had been going on in this way for about an hour, Johnny called out to Mary Osborne,

‘You have not caught me yet, have you, Miss Osborne?’

‘No,’ said Mary, ‘not yet, but I shall. I have got a command in my mind to give you by-and-by—and then says I,—’

‘What is it, Miss Osborne? Tell me what it is—do.’

‘No,’ said Mary. ‘That is my secret, but you will see. You will have a command by-and-by that will be a severer test than any you have had yet.’

The command that she referred to in saying this was the calling upon him to stop fishing and wind up his line, when it should be time to go home.

Accordingly, when she thought the time had arrived, which was after the lapse of about an hour, Mary Osborne began to put up her work, and called at the same time to Johnny, in a tone of pretended authority, as if she was playing that she was a general giving a command.

‘Johnny,’ said she, ‘begin to count, and count about as fast as this, one, two, three, four, and as soon as you have got up to twenty, if you don’t

feel a bite before that time, pull your line out and wind it up.'

Johnny turned and looked toward Mary Osborne with an expression of surprise and disappointment in his face, and was just ready to say, 'Oh, Miss Osborne, let us stay a little while longer;' but immediately recollecting himself, he began at once to count, and as soon as he reached twenty he drew out his line, wound it up, and came to join Mary Osborne, his face beaming with triumph.

'You did not catch me that time, did you, Miss Osborne?'

'No,' said she. 'I have not caught you at all. I was very sure that I could catch you, but you have beaten me completely, Johnny.'

'But then,' she added, after a moment's pause, 'I have some hope yet, the next time you come here. You see by the next time you come here to play, you will have forgotten all about this, and when I give you some command that you don't exactly like, you will disobey. Then I shall have the advantage over you.'

'No,' said Johnny, jumping and capering about with excitement as he walked along. 'No. I shall watch, and shall obey every command you give me.'

It will be seen by this case, which is given as an example of the various kinds of management which

Mary Osborne employed in her dealings with children, that while she was very indulgent in respect to unintentional faults, and was also very gentle and often playful in her mode of correcting real ones, still in respect to the *standard* of obedience and duty which she held up before children, and the *measure* of faithfulness which she exacted, she was very strict. Strict and unyielding in regard to the end, but gentle and playful in respect to the means, seemed to be her motto.

By such means as these she gained a great ascendancy over all the children that she had anything to do with, and especially over her scholars in the Sunday-school. Her class made rapid progress, not only in their knowledge of the lessons which they had to recite, but in the practical observance of the principles of duty which the lessons enjoined, and in all their conduct and demeanour.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## LOOKING AFTER THE BOYS.



ESIDES her duties in the Sunday-school, Mary Osborne made it a part of her system of doing good to establish friendly relations, so far as she could, with all the boys in the neighbourhood where she lived, in hopes of gaining an influence over them, and leading them into right ways of thinking and action. She had not much time to devote to work of this kind, but it does not take much time. It only requires a heart for the work, and some degree of tact and good sense in doing it.

If, for instance, when Mary Osborne heard that such or such a boy was a bad boy, she had said to herself, 'Then I will take care and not have anything to do with him,' and when she passed him in the street, had looked sternly at him, by way of expressing her disapproval of his conduct and character, he would, of course, have acquired a dislike to her, and she would have destroyed whatever of influence she might otherwise have had over him. And if, when she met him, she had stopped to talk

with him, ever so kindly, about his faults and his evil courses, and to warn him of the consequences which would follow in the end if he did not amend them, it would not have been much better.

Instead of this, Mary Osborne always said in such cases, 'I must first get him to *like* me, before I can have any influence over him. And to make him like me, I must make him think I am his friend; and to make him think I am his friend, I must really *be* his friend. I must feel kindly toward him, and must help him in some way or other, or do him some good,—and that, too, in accordance with his own ideas of good.'

Thus, whenever she heard about any boy's being bad in any way, instead of saying to herself, 'If that's the kind of boy he is, I'll take care not to have anything to do with him,' she always said to herself, 'He is a bad boy, is he? Then I must find some way of getting acquainted with him.'

She got this idea from studying one of her Sunday-school lessons, which contained an account of our Saviour's seeking so much the company of publicans and sinners; and especially from the verse in which he explains the reason why he did so, by saying, 'The whole need not a physician, but those that are sick.' It was her habit always, when reading the precepts and injunctions of our Lord, to consider what duty they required of *her*. So when she had finished reading this passage,

and shut up the book to put it away, she said to herself,

‘Who are the publicans and sinners for me? It must be the bad boys and girls that live within my reach.’

So she made it her business, from time to time, as she had opportunity, to become more or less acquainted with the poor boys that she met in the streets. The first thing was to know their names, so that she could speak to them, and call them by name, when she passed them. This alone went a great way toward giving them a friendly feeling toward her. Then sometimes she would stop and talk with them a few minutes, and help them if they were in any difficulty, or looked pleased to witness their play, if all was going well.

Sometimes she would engage a boy who had the reputation of being a bad boy, to come and do some work for her, in her garden, and would help him about his work, and talk with him about his own affairs, and bring out whatever of good sentiment or feeling there might be in his heart.

The boy, in such a case, would go away at last with the pay which Mary would give him, thinking that Miss Osborne was the very nicest lady that he ever knew, and prepared to fall in readily with any counsel or advice which she might, at any future time, when a proper occasion should offer, think it best to give him.

And even if she did not give him any formal advice, the boy knew very well the difference between right and wrong, and he knew, moreover, that the young lady whom he so much admired loved and practised the right; and this alone, without any formal advice from Mary, had a very powerful influence over him. All people—and more especially young people—are very strongly inclined to think and feel as those do whom they *like*. It results from this, that one of the easiest and most agreeable ways of doing good in this world, is first to think and feel right yourselves, and then to make other people *like you*, by being kind and attentive to them. You do not have to explain to them how you think and feel, nor tell them wherein they are wrong, or give them advice of any kind. This may be all well enough, it is true, in some cases, but it is not necessary, especially in the case of children. If they like you, they will be led insensibly, but almost irresistibly, to talk as you talk, to do as you do, and to feel as you feel.

Mary Osborne came, at last, to be regarded in so friendly a manner by all the boys, high and low, that lived in her neighbourhood, that they were always pleased to see her coming. They sometimes ran to meet her, and always spoke to her when she passed. She sometimes invited them, two or three at a time, to come to the grounds belonging to the

house where she lived, and made little entertainments for them, taking care, on such occasions, not to bring together such as, for any reason, it was not well to bring together. These things she did not alone for the poor and bad boys, but also for the poor and good, and also for the rich and bad. For there are good boys and bad boys in all ranks in society,—quite as many, perhaps, among the high as among the lowly.

All this did not take much of Mary Osborne's time. To stop and say a few kind words to boys flying a kite, or playing with a wagon, does not require *time*,—but only the heart to do it.

She always took special interest in the case of any of her children who were sick. There was one, in particular, whom she often went to see, and whom she considered one of her particular friends. He was not exactly sick, but he was a cripple. He had lost the use of his lower limbs, and had been confined to his room for many years; so many, in fact, that he was now a young man in years and in mental cultivation. He was still, however, small in size, and Mary considered him as a boy. His name was Eugene.



## CHAPTER XXII.

EUGENE.



AMONG the boys whom Mary Osborne knew, was one named William Jones. He was, however, commonly called Billy Jones. He was rather a disagreeable boy, because of his rude and selfish demeanour. He was a great play-spoiler, for he was always making a difficulty. He was bent on having his own way, without much regard to the rights and comforts of other people.

One day when Mary Osborne was going along the road she saw at a short distance before her a group of children who seemed to be in some trouble. She perceived that there was a small wagon and a child upon it, and two others, larger children, who had been drawing it; and also Billy Jones, who was standing among them and troubling them in some way.

They all stopped when they saw Mary Osborne coming, and looked toward her. Billy had his foot planted firmly on the ground in front of one of the wheels of the little wagon, and looked up into

Mary Osborne's face with a smile on his countenance. The others looked up to her also, but each with a disturbed and supplicating expression.

'Miss Osborne, look !' said they. 'He won't let us go along with our wagon.'

This was true ; Billy had his foot planted before one of the forward wheels, so that the wagon could not go on.

'Oh, Billy !' said Miss Osborne. 'I would not tease and trouble these children.'

Billy withdrew his foot, saying at the same time, 'I was only in fun.'

'I'll help you draw it a little way,' said Mary. 'And Billy will help too, I am sure.'

So she took hold of the pole of the wagon with one hand on one side, making room for Billy to take hold on the other. They drew the wagon along the road a short distance, and then gave it back again to the children.

'And now, Billy,' she said, 'run along and don't trouble the children any more.'

So Billy went away whistling quite unconcernedly.

Mary Osborne walked along with the children for a little while, until she thought that they had had time to forget their trouble, and then bade them good-bye and went on.

As she went she thought of Billy. 'What can I do,' she said, 'to cure him of his ugly disposition?'

'There's one thing I will do,' she added, after a moment's pause. 'I'll get Eugene to write a story to read to him.'

Now, as has already been said, Eugene was a very ingenious young man, and he was ingenious in many different ways. He had drawing implements and a paint-box, and he used to draw and paint pictures. He had tools with which he used to make a great many curious things, using a thick board, which was placed across the arms of the great chair that he was accustomed to sit in, for a bench. Then he used to write stories, and copy them neatly in a book, and draw and paint pictures to illustrate them. He had filled one large book already with his stories, and was now commencing another.

Mary Osborne had herself taught him how to make up stories, much in the same way as she had taught Juno, as related in the first volume of this series. Eugene took great interest in writing these stories, and making his story-book. Sometimes Mary Osborne would bring boys or girls with her to visit Eugene, and in such cases, he would sometimes read stories out of his book to amuse them, and then show them the pictures that he had made to illustrate the scenes that he described.

Sometimes Mary Osborne would ask him to write a story, founded on some particular incident which she would propose to him,—or to inculcate

some particular moral lesson which she had in mind. Accordingly it was very natural that on the occasion when she was thinking what she could do to reform Billy Jones, she should think of asking Eugene to write a story applicable to his case, as one of the measures which promised to be beneficial.

So the next time she went to see Eugene, she stated the case to him. She said there was a boy who seemed to take pleasure in teasing and troubling everybody, and all the boys disliked him.

'Now,' said she, 'could not you write a story, illustrating that kind of character, and then let me bring Billy and perhaps one or two other boys some day to hear it?'

'I'll try, Miss Osborne,' said Eugene.

'That is all I can ask,' said Mary.

So it was agreed that he should try, and Miss Osborne was to come again in about a week to see what progress he had made in his work.

Now Eugene always made two copies of his stories. The first was what he called his rough copy,—the words in it being abridged as much as possible—there being only enough of each word written, to enable him to determine what it was, when he came to copy it in his book. After he had thus made his first copy, he read *it* over carefully,—correcting all the mistakes and making such alterations as seemed to him desirable, and then

transcribed it in a plain hand in his book. Before he copied it into his book, however, he made the pictures to illustrate it, and pasted them in at the places where they belonged, as he came to them.

Eugene advanced slowly with his story, and four weeks passed away before it was finished. He offered to read it to Mary Osborne, but she said that she would rather hear it with the boys, when she brought them.

'There's one thing,' said Eugene. 'I have called the boy's name Billy that I am writing about; and perhaps Billy Jones would not like that.'

Mary reflected a moment and then said that she thought there would be no harm in that.

'I am more afraid,' she said, 'that Billy will not take the lesson of the story enough to himself, than that he will take it too much.'

At length when the story was ready, Mary Osborne took an opportunity when she met Billy Jones in the street to say to him,

'Billy, I am going to see Eugene to-morrow,—would you like to go with me?'

'Yes, indeed!' said Billy.

The boys were always glad when Miss Osborne was willing to let them go with her to see Eugene. They liked to see his tools and the curious things he had made with them; and also to look at the

pictures in his story books, and to hear him read his stories.

‘He has got a story to read to us,’ said Mary. ‘It is about a boy of the same name as yours. Only he was an ugly fellow, and they always called him Ugly Billy.’

‘I shall like to hear about him,’ said Billy. ‘What did he do?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Mary. ‘I have not heard the story myself, and don’t know what it is about, —except that it is about a boy that they called Ugly Billy.’

‘We can take another boy with us if you like,’ she continued. ‘Do you know of any other boy that would like to go?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Billy. ‘Any of the boys would like to go.’

‘Then you must invite the one you like best; or the one you think will like best to go. You can choose any one you like, and call for me to-morrow afternoon at two o’clock.’

‘Yes, Miss Osborne,’ said Billy. ‘We’ll come.’

Accordingly, at the time appointed, the two boys made their appearance at Miss Osborne’s door. They were accompanied by a third boy, who stood back at a little distance behind the other two, and looked up timidly toward Miss Osborne, awaiting her answer to a request that he might go too.

He was a small boy, who commonly went by the name of Mark.

‘Mark wanted to go too,—if there’s room,’ said Billy.

‘Yes,’ said Mary Osborne, ‘we will make room for Mark.’

So they all four went along together.

Eugene lived in a very small, but very pleasant house, not far from the water. From the window, when he was seated near it, he could look out and see the boats moving to and fro, and a wharf, where small vessels came sometimes; and Eugene took great interest in watching the progress of the loading and unloading of these vessels.

Mary Osborne went in by a side gate, and passed through a pretty green yard with flower borders around it; and then entered the house by a back door, under a small piazza. She went in without knocking and passed up the winding stairs, which led to Eugene’s room. She knew the way very well.

She knocked at Eugene’s door, and a gentle voice said, ‘Come in.’

‘Yes,’ said Billy. ‘He’s at home.’

‘Poor boy!’ said Mary, ‘he is always at home.’

So they went in. Eugene received them with a smile. He was seated in a deep chair, with arms extending quite far forward, so as to support a pretty wide board which rested upon them, and

formed a kind of table. Mary had had this chair made for him expressly. That is, she had the arrangement of it made. She took the chair that he liked best to sit in, and had the old arms taken out by a chair-maker, and new ones put in, long enough to support the boards which Eugene liked to use. There was a little square projection turning upward at the outer end of the arms, to prevent the board which was upon them sliding forward, when Eugene pressed against it at his work.


He had several of these boards for different kinds of work. The one which was on his chair now was covered with cloth—except that there was a wooden margin all around it—and was the board which Eugene used for writing and reading. The cloth upon it was of rich crimson colour, and the margin was painted green. So although it did not cost much, it was very handsome.

The boys and Miss Osborne took their seats, and after some little conversation Mary gave Eugene his book, and he began to read the story.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE STORY BEGUN.

HE title of the story,' said Eugene, 'is rather long. It is this :'  
'The Old Sea Captain ; and how he maintained Ugly Billy.'

'You sec,' said Eugene, looking up, 'there are all kinds of boys named Billy ; some good and some bad.'

Then Eugene looked down upon his book again, and went on as follows.

'Once there was a certain boy named Billy Malstone. He made it a rule to do just what he liked, and cared not at all for the inconvenience, trouble, or pain, that he gave to other people. Indeed, he often considered it good fun to tease and torment those younger than himself. He was often called Ugly Billy, on account of the hateful selfishness of his character, and his entire disregard of the wishes and feelings of others.

'When he was on the playground with the other boys, if any of them smaller than himself *had* a ball or a bat, or a bow and arrow, or any

other plaything, that he took a fancy to, he would make no scruple to seize it from them and run off with it. He would take their sleds away from them in the winter, if he had none of his own, so as to get a slide. He would push the little boys down, and when he found he had hurt them, and they began to cry, he would say he only did it for fun.'

'That's just the way,' said Mark, 'that Billy—'

'Hush,' said Mary Osborne. 'You must not interrupt the reading.'

Mark was going to say that that was just the way that Billy Jones acted. He, however, was on the point of stopping even if Mary Osborne had not interrupted him, for he remembered that it was through Billy Jones that he had an opportunity to come and hear the story, and that accordingly it was not a very proper time for finding fault with him.

'Billy would do a great many such things as that,' said Eugene, going on with his reading, 'and when the boys remonstrated he would say, "When I want any of your things I am bound to have them ; whether you like it or not."'

'When he was at home in the vacations, if at any time he wanted anything of his mother, he would burst into the room where she was, and, paying no attention to her engagements, whether

she was busy planning her work, or talking with company, he would break in with a loud voice, and in a boisterous manner, and insist on his mother's hearing and answering his question. Then when he went out he would make as much noise as possible in shutting the door, and tramping along the passages with his heavy boots, so that it was usually some time before he got sufficiently out of hearing to allow the company to resume their conversation. When Lucinda, the maid, attempted to make him go more quietly, saying that there was company in the parlour, and that he disturbed them, his reply was, "I don't care."

'Billy's mother had a great deal of anxiety about his behaviour. She would have done anything in her power to have cured him of his fault; but she did not know what to do. She often reproved him for the trouble he made, and tried to persuade him to be a better boy, but all this did no good.

'Billy had an uncle who was a sea-captain. His name was Captain Gunnell. He went away on long voyages, and was gone several years at a time. He had been gone now, at the time this story begins, about five years. He went away when Billy was five years old, and Billy was now ten. But Billy remembered him very well; for when he was at home he used to tell Billy stories about his adventures at sea, and he also made him some

little boats,<sup>†</sup> and also one vessel with sails and rigging.

‘Captain Gunnell came home about this time, and when he saw Billy, he seemed quite pleased to see how much he had grown, and how large a boy he was ; and Billy himself was pleased to see that his uncle observed his improvement.

‘Captain Gunnell asked his sister—that is Billy’s mother—what sort of a boy he was. She told him that he was a pretty good boy in some things, but that he was often noisy, and rude, and seemed even to take pleasure in troubling people and giving them pain.

“That is very bad,” said Captain Gunnell.

“I know it is very bad,” replied his sister, “but I don’t know what to do. I wish you would contrive some way to cure him.”

“I’ll try,” said Captain Gunnell. “I will watch him for a few days, till I see what the difficulty is.”

‘The captain was a very good-natured man. He had a broad and cheerful face, which was, however, very much weather-beaten, as well it might be, for he had been exposed, on the decks of his vessels, to the winds and storms of all the oceans in the world.

‘He watched Billy for several days, and observed how he acted. At first, Billy was a little reserved in his uncle’s presence. But his uncle

cultivated a good understanding with him, by telling him sea-stories, taking an interest in what he was doing, and helping him in various ways.

‘In the mean time he watched him, and one day he had an opportunity to witness an instance of Billy’s conduct. There were some little boys in a field flying a kite. Billy and his uncle, returning from a walk, passed through the field. One of the boys had hold of the kite, and the other had hold of the string ready to run.

“Now, uncle,” said Billy, “you wait here and I’ll show you some fun.”

‘His uncle was on a little eminence at the time, and Billy, leaving him there, ran down to where the boys were.

“Boys,” said he, “I’ll show you how to fly the kite, so as to make it go up high.” He then—first looking up to see which way the wind was blowing—placed the boy who held the kite in such a position, that when the kite began to go up, the wind should wind the tail around him and entangle it. And then he told the boy who had the string to run in such a direction as to bring the string among the branches of a tree. The boys being small, and supposing that Billy knew more about kite-flying than they, trusted to him implicitly, and did just as he said.

‘When all was thus arranged, Billy told the boys to wait until he gave the word of command.

Then when he felt a fresh breeze coming, he called out in a loud and eager voice,

“There! *Now*, boys! Run, RUN!”

‘The boy who had the string ran as fast as he could go; and as Billy had expected and intended, the kite-tail was blown around the boy who held the kite, became entangled in his legs, and broke off in the middle. The kite went up, diving about furiously in the air, and entangled itself in the trees. Billy at once, when he saw that his trick had succeeded, set off to rejoin his uncle, running up the path as fast as he could go, and laughing immoderately.

“You managed that very ingeniously,” said the captain.

“Didn’t I?” said Billy.

“You got some good fun out of that, didn’t you?” said his uncle.

“Yes,” said Billy, “capital fun.”

“Now,” said the captain, “it is my turn to have some fun. You sit down here on this flat stone, and see what I’ll do.”

“What is that you’re going to do?” asked Billy.

“You’ll see,” said his uncle. “You must wait here till I come back.”

‘So the captain went down the hill.

“Boys,” said he, as soon as he came within hearing of the boys, “don’t be concerned. I’ll

help you clear your kite. I am an old hand at knotting and splicing, and all other kinds of rigging work."

'The boys looked at him with an expression of amazement on their countenances. They wondered who that man could be, that was coming to help them in so unexpected a manner.

'The captain took no notice of their surprise, but went directly and disentangled the boy from the remnant of the kite-tail.

"There," said he, laying the kite-tail smoothly upon the ground, "now let's see if we can get the kite down from the tree."

'He walked along toward the foot of the tree, in which the kite was lodged. The boys followed him, but were too much astonished to have anything to say.

'Billy was equally astonished, sitting still on the rock where the captain had placed him. He had expected that the captain was going down to play the boys some other malicious trick; but instead of that he found him busily engaged in helping them recover their property and repair damages.

'He began to wish to go down to where his uncle was, but he recollected that his uncle had directed him to remain at the stone until he returned.

'Captain Gunnell, when he reached the foot of

the tree, asked the boys if they thought they could climb it. The boys looked very seriously up into the tree, but didn't answer.

"Well," said Captain Gunnell, "I can climb it. I am as good at climbing as I am at knotting and rigging. I began to go up to the mast-head when I was but little older than you."

'So saying he lifted up his arms and took hold of a branch just above his head, and by means of it raised himself up into the tree. He seemed to have the strength of a Hercules in his arms. He soon disentangled the kite and brought it down to the boys. While he was doing this, Billy called out to him and asked leave to come down. But he said No, and added that he was coming up very soon.

'He then went on aiding the boys to get their kite in order, and assisted them in raising it; and when it was well in the air, he went up the path and rejoined Billy.

'As soon as Capt. Gunnell arrived at the place where he had left Billy, Billy asked him why he was not willing to let him go down and help get the kite down.

"Because I thought that that would not be giving you any pleasure," said the captain. "That is not your kind of fun. That is *my* kind of fun. Your kind of fun is teasing and troubling boys all you can; mine is helping them, and giving them



11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE STORY CONCLUDED.



WHEN the boys were seated, Eugene resumed the reading of his story as follows:—

‘A few days after the incident of the kite, Captain Gunnell said to Billy as they were walking along together,—

“Billy, have you got a watch?”

“No, uncle,” said Billy, “I want a watch very much, but my father won’t let me have one.”

“Why not?” asked his uncle.

“Oh, he says I should only break it, fooling with the boys,” replied Billy.

“*I think you could keep a watch,*” said his uncle. “And perhaps having one *in your pocket* would help cure you of your fooling. Now I have a proposal to make to you. You *know* our two different ways of making fun. You *like to do it by* hurting and hindering people all you *can*, and I like better to do it by helping and *pleasing* them. Now I am not certain but that if you *should try* both ways, you might, after all, like *mine* the best

pleasure. I thought you would not like *my* kind of fun."

'Billy did not seem to know what to say to this, and so he walked along a little way in silence. Pretty soon, however, the captain began to talk to him about other things, just as if nothing had happened.'

When Eugene had arrived at this point in his reading, he looked up from the book and said that was the end of the chapter.

'How many chapters are there?' asked Mary Osborne.

'Two,' said Eugene.

'Then here will be a good place for a recess,' said Mary Osborne. So she sent the boys out for a few minutes' recess, recommending to them to take a little run along the road. This the boys were very glad to do. In due time they returned and took their seats again as before, quite refreshed by their run.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE STORY CONCLUDED.



WHEN the boys were seated, Eugene resumed the reading of his story as follows :—

‘A few days after the incident of the kite, Captain Gunnell said to Billy as they were walking along together,—

“Billy, have you got a watch?”

“No, uncle,” said Billy, “I want a watch very much, but my father won’t let me have one.”

“Why not?” asked his uncle.

“Oh, he says I should only break it, fooling with the boys,” replied Billy.

“*I* think you could keep a watch,” said his uncle. “And perhaps having one in your pocket would help cure you of your fooling. Now I have a proposal to make to you. You know our two different ways of making fun. You like to do it by hurting and hindering people all you can, and I like better to do it by helping and pleasing them. Now I am not certain but that if you should try both ways, you might, after all, like mine the best.

What I propose to you is that you shall try both plans, first one and then the other, for a week at a time. First you shall try my plan. You shall do all you can to help and please everybody. You shall do everything that you think will gratify them, and make yourself as agreeable to them as you can, and see how you like that way. That is *my* way. Then for another week you shall do all you can to tease and trouble people, and make yourself as disagreeable as you can to everybody, and see how you like that. That, you know, is *your* way. Then after you have given both ways a fair trial, you can tell better which plan you will follow afterward."

'Billy did not know exactly what to say to such a proposal as this, and so he was silent.

"I suppose the first week will be rather hard for you," continued the captain; "not only because it will be a new kind of work for you, but also because it is a kind of work that you don't like. But then, perhaps, having a watch would be a sufficient compensation."

"What kind of a watch will it be?" asked Billy. "A watch that will go?"

"Oh, yes," replied the captain. "It will be a good, going watch."

"Then I'll do it," said Billy.

"Very well," said the captain. "Only, if you undertake it, you must be honest and faithful. I

cannot afford to give a watch,—a good, going watch—for a week or fortnight's work, unless you do the work honestly and faithfully."

"I'll do it just as honestly and faithfully as I can," said Billy.

"You may forget sometimes in the first week," said his uncle, "because it will be so new to you. I shall ask every night how you are going on, and if you fail at any time, and tease and trouble anybody in any way, either purposely, with the intention of doing it, or accidentally, for want of thought, you must remember it, and report all such cases to me at night, when I ask you."

"Yes, uncle," said Billy, "I honestly will."

"And so," continued his uncle, "you must report to me how many times you have helped anybody, or done anything to please them, and what it was that you did. You must try and see how many opportunities you can get to help your mother or do anything to please her and make her feel happy, or for the girls in the kitchen, or for any children that you meet in the street. You may have the good luck to meet children who are in some difficulty or trouble, that you can help them out of; and that will give you a fine chance. And if you should not find any in actual trouble, you can contrive somehow or other to do something for them, or say something that will give them pleasure, can't you?"

“Oh, yes, uncle,” said Billy. “There are plenty of things that I can do.”

“And then, the next week after,” continued his uncle, “you must try the other plan. That will be the week for the fun that comes from teasing and troubling people, and making yourself as disagreeable to everybody as you can, so as to make everybody dislike you and hate you, and be sorry to see you coming.”

‘Billy did not say anything in reply to this, but looked very serious.

“Then,” continued his uncle, “when you have tried both plans fairly, you can see which you like the best. I’ve tried them both, and *I* like the doing good plan the best.”

‘So it was agreed that Billy should try the experiment. I should like it very much, if I had time, to give an account of the reports which he made to his uncle during the first week. He was very honest in these reports, for notwithstanding his faults, he was a very honourable boy in fulfilling his agreements, and he related a number of cases in which he had forgotten himself and given pain to people, or made trouble, and also a number of other cases in which he had done good or given pleasure. But to relate these cases would take too much time and make the story too long.

‘The result of the first week’s work, was that *Billy* became so much interested in the experiment

which he was making, and he found it so much better to do good and give pleasure, and make people like him, than to try to find fun in doing evil, that he told his uncle when Saturday night came, that if it were not for the watch he would rather give up the second week's work. "Yours is a great deal the best way," said he, "I am sure, and I don't wish to try the other any more; but then I suppose I must go on, or else I shall not earn the watch."

"We might do this," said his uncle, after a moment's reflection. "You might try the first plan over again for the next week, and give me two weeks' work in that way. I am entitled to two weeks' work, anyhow; but if you would rather try the first experiment over again, and let the other go, I don't particularly care. It will be harder for you, since you don't like this kind of fun so well as you do your kind; but if you are willing to make the change, I am."

'Billy gladly acceded to this proposal, and went on with the second week of doing good, making reports to his uncle at the end of every day, as he had done during the first week. At the end of the week his uncle told him that he had honourably fulfilled his agreement, and had fairly earned his watch.

'So he went into his room and took out of his trunk a neat morocco-covered box, which, on being



opened, was found to contain a very handsome silver watch, of the right size for a boy of Billy's age. He gave the watch to Billy, who was, of course, extremely pleased. His uncle did not say a word to him about the experiment, but left it to have its own natural effect. And it did have a great effect, for it was the means of altering Billy's habits and character entirely. Having found by trial how much higher and nobler was the satisfaction and pleasure derived from doing good, than from doing evil, he went on doing good to everybody, and soon came to be universally beloved.

'There was a little cunning on the part of the captain in his management in respect to the watch. The truth was, that the watch was one which he had bought in a foreign country as a present for Billy during his last voyage, and had brought it home on purpose to give to him. And when he heard the account which his mother gave of Billy's behaviour, he thought he would see if he could not make his giving it to him the means of doing some good to the boy.

'Billy was very thankful to his uncle for his present, and when he found afterward, in the course of his life, how much happier he was in doing good than in doing evil, he felt always a peculiar affection for this watch, on account of its having been the means of making him a good boy.

'There is one thing more to be related, and

that will bring this story to an end. All the boys and girls in the neighbourhood observed the change in Billy's character, and were greatly rejoiced at it.

'One day a number of them were under some willow-trees making whistles, when Billy observing them, went to the place, to see if he could help them. One of the boy's knives was dull, and Billy sharpened it for him on a small pocket-whetstone which he had. There were two or three small boys that did not know how to make whistles, and he stopped to show them. After staying with them a little while he went away.

'As soon as he had gone one of the boys said,—

"Billy does not plague us at all now. He used to plague us a great deal."

"That's a fact," said another boy. "He helps us now all he can."

"Say!" rejoined the first boy. "Don't let us call him Billy any more,—now he is so different. Let's call him William."

'This proposition was received by the whole party with acclamation, and it was immediately proposed to inaugurate the name at once by giving three cheers for the new name William; which they all did, swinging their caps, and calling out HURRAH! in a very noisy manner.

'Thus Billy with his old character lost his old name, and was thereafter always called William.


‘And that’s the end,’ said Eugene,—as he shut his book.

‘That’s a good story,’ said Billy Jones. ‘I wish I could write such good stories as that.’

‘You must get Miss Osborne to teach you,’ said Eugene. ‘She taught me.’

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A WORK OF ART.

ARY OSBORNE remained in Eugene's room after the boys went away, in order to see and talk with Eugene a little. She told him that she liked his story very much, and she thought that Billy seemed much interested in it.

'And I hope,' she continued, 'that it will do him good.'

'I'm afraid it will not *cure* him,' said Eugene.

'Oh, no,' replied Mary. 'It will not cure him. All that we can hope for is that it may be the *beginning* of a cure. His disease is chronic, and we can't expect to cure it by one single dose of medicine.'

'I do not know exactly what you mean by that,' said Eugene.

It is not surprising that Eugene did not know exactly what Miss Osborne meant by the word *chronic*, though it is one very often used by physicians in respect to the ailments of their patients.

A chronic disease is one which is of long standing, and has become fixed in the constitution of the patient. A disease which is not chronic, that is, which has come on suddenly, and may very soon come to an end, either by itself, or by the use of the proper remedies, is called *acute*. Chronic diseases are much more difficult than others to cure, on account of their having become so firmly established in the system.

Now Billy's fault, that of taking pleasure in teasing and troubling the boys, and acting in a selfish and disagreeable manner, had continued so long, and had become so fixed, that Mary Osborne thought it could very properly be considered as a chronic disease, which was not likely to be cured by one dose of medicine, however salutary in its tendencies that dose might be.

Miss Osborne, in fact, looked upon all the faults, and bad habits, and evil tendencies of children very much in the light of diseases; thus considering that she was not to get angry, or vexed, or out of patience with the children on account of them, but was calmly to consider what would be the best mode of trying to cure them.

'We have made a very good beginning,' she said. 'I have no doubt that your story has made a very favourable impression upon his mind. But we must follow it up. That is what I'm going to do, and you must help me.'

'I should like to help you very much,' said Eugene. 'What can I do?'

'The first thing,' said Mary, 'is to make him *like* you. If a boy likes you, you have an influence over him, and can make him think and feel almost as you please; but if he does not like you, you can have no influence over him at all. Now, I'm sure if he comes here and gets acquainted with you, he will like you. Are you willing that he should come?'

'Oh, yes, Miss Osborne,' replied Eugene. 'I should like to have him come very much.'

'You see,' rejoined Mary, 'it is not for your pleasure that he is to come, but for his own good. Very likely he will make you a great deal of trouble. He will meddle with your things, and, perhaps, break something. He may even do some harm intentionally; for they say he very often gets engaged in wilful and malicious mischief.'

'Well,' said Eugene, 'I'll try him. I don't think he will do much damage.'

'Then may I tell him that he may come and see you some time?' asked Mary.

'Yes, Miss Osborne,' said Eugene, 'I should like to have him come very much; and I'll try to make him like me. Ask him to come, and tell him I want to show him my panorama.'

Miss Osborne gave this message to Billy the next time she saw him, and on the next Saturday

he went, in acceptance of the invitation, to make a visit to Eugene.

He found Eugene sitting up in his great chair, with a broad board before him, which rested on the arms of it. This board had a kind of ledge along the outer edge of it, and at the two ends. This ledge was about three inches high, and was made to prevent the things which Eugene was working with from being pushed off the board.

Billy knocked timidly at the door of Eugene's room, and Eugene said, 'Come in.'

'Ah,' said Eugene, as soon as Billy opened the door, 'I'm very glad to see you. You have come in just the right time to help me.'

So Billy came in, and, after shutting the door, he advanced to Eugene's chair to see what he was doing.

'This is my bench,' said Eugene. 'I use this when I am doing carpenter work. I have been doing carpenter work now. I have been making some paint-brush handles.'

So saying, Eugene showed Billy some long and slender rods, of about the size of straws, and made tapering toward each end. They were of the right size and form to make handles for the little paint-brushes which children use in painting in water-colours. The tapering ends were fitted to go into the ends of the little quills of which the brushes are formed.

Eugene had planed out the slender sticks from which these handles had been made by means of a cunning little plane, about three inches long, which, though so small that it looked like a mere toy, was made of excellent steel, and was as sharp as a razor. I have often seen these little planes in the shop windows of the hardware stores in the Bowery in New York ; and, indeed, I have one myself which is *less* than three inches long, and which will work perfectly well, provided the pieces of wood on which I use it are small in proportion.

Ordinarily, in using a plane, the carpenter works from right to left, moving his plane in a direction parallel to the front of his bench ; but Eugene worked his from the front edge of his bench—that is, from the edge which was towards him—back. He had a little board which he called a bench-hook, which hooked on, as it were, upon the forward edge of the bench, to prevent its being pushed onward by the plane, and it had a thin piece of board glued on at the farther edge for a *stop*, to prevent the piece of wood which he was planing from being pushed onward by the stroke.

This bench-hook was exactly similar in form and action to what the carpenters use upon their benches for sawing with a stiff-backed saw, only Eugene used his for planing instead of sawing.

After planing out his handles with his little plane, Eugene smoothed them with sand-paper,



and then oiled them with a rag moistened in *boiled oil*,—a kind of oil which dries, or rather *hardens*, by exposure to the air. This oil brings out the colour of the wood very prettily, darkening it a little, and also prevents the wood from becoming easily soiled afterward by use. It acts, in fact, as a kind of varnish.

Eugene had planed out several of his little handles, and was in the act of smoothing them with sand-paper when Billy came in.

‘Would you be willing to sand-paper some of them for me?’ said he to Billy.

‘Oh, yes,’ said Billy, ‘I should *like* to do it.’

‘That will help me very much,’ said Eugene, ‘for while you are sand-papering them, I can be oiling them. Only you must get me the bottle of oil. You will find it in the closet by the side of the fire-place. It is labelled, “Boiled Oil.”’

So Billy went for the oil, and after bringing it to Eugene he began smoothing the remaining handles with a small piece of fine sand-paper which Eugene gave him. As fast as they were smoothed Eugene oiled them by means of a rag which he took from a little pile of clean square rags that lay ready for use in one of a number of little compartments which were partitioned off in a row along the outer edge of his bench. The other compartments contained little nails, and screws, and other such things.

Billy was very much pleased with being thus employed, as indeed Eugene had no doubt that he would be. This was, in fact, Eugene's principal motive in giving him those things to do. He knew that Billy had been accustomed to find pleasure in giving other people trouble and pain, and he had a kind of instinctive feeling that if he could make a beginning of leading him to find pleasure in helping other people, and doing them some good, it would tend to effect the change in his disposition and character which Miss Osborne desired to see.

Although this feeling in Eugene was, as I have said, a kind of instinct—by which I mean, in this case, something which he felt to be true, without having any clear perception of the reason of it—it was nevertheless founded on very sound principles of philosophy. Bad conduct in boys becomes finally, in great part, a matter of habit. They feel and act in a certain way, under certain circumstances, to-day, because under similar circumstances they felt and acted in that way yesterday. Now if we can break the chain, and lead them to act in another and better way to-day, they will be in some degree likely to feel and act in the better way to-morrow.

This thought should have a great influence with us all, not only in respect to our own actions, but also in our influence upon others. If we do wrong

in any case, we not only make some mischief, or do some injury *at the time*, but the evil runs on into the future, making us more likely to act in a similar way in all time to come. And the reverse is true in the case of doing good.

And so in our influence over others. If we can lead them to feel or act right to-day, it is not merely the good result at the time that we secure, but we exert an influence which will have an effect, more or less manifest, on many future occasions.

For example, one day a girl named Gertrude, who was on her way to school by a path across a pasture which shortened the way, saw two small boys at some distance before her, who seemed to be throwing stones at something. She hastened to the spot, and found it was a little bird that they were trying to hit. It was a bird that was too young to fly, but had, by some means, fallen out of the nest, which was on a tree near the path. The boys in coming by had found the bird in the grass, and had set it up upon a rock at a little distance, for a mark, and were throwing stones at it; while the mother bird was flying to and fro in great distress.

Now we might at first thought say, that these were very cruel boys, and that they ought to be severely punished; or at least to be sharply re-proved for taking pleasure, as it would seem, in giving pain to two helpless birds. But the truth was that they were not really taking pleasure in

giving pain. They were not thinking of the pain at all. That was not in their minds. The minds of such little boys cannot contain many things at a time, nor see at once all the different bearings and aspects of a complicated affair. The powers of apprehension of these boys were wholly occupied with the interest of *trying to hit a mark*. They were wholly unconscious of the fear which the little bird was suffering, if indeed it was old enough to feel fear,—and of the distress of the mother.

So when Gertrude came to the spot and found what the boys were doing, she went to the little bird and began to pity it.

‘Poor little thing!’ she said.

These words made a change in the state of mind of the boys. It displaced from their thoughts the interest which they felt in trying to hit a mark, and brought into them a feeling of compassion for the bird.

‘Poor little thing!’ said Gertrude. ‘He hasn’t any feathers,—at least not enough to keep him warm.’

‘They never have no good feathers,’ said one of the boys, ‘when they are as young as this one is.’

‘No,’ said Gertrude, ‘and so he ought to be back in his nest. And that is his mother, I suppose, flying about the tree and chirping so loud.’

‘Birdie! Birdie,’ she continued, looking up at

the old bird, 'we won't hurt your poor little chick. We will keep him warm.'

So saying, she took up the little bird from the big stone, and holding him in one hand, she covered him with the other, in order to keep him warm.

Gertrude then asked the boys whether they did not think that they could climb up into the tree, and put the little bird back into the nest again; but they said it was too high. Besides they thought that the old bird would fly at them, and pick their eyes out. Then Gertrude proposed that they should make a nest for it themselves, and put it on one of the lower branches of the tree, and put the bird into it. She told them she thought they could make a nest good enough for one bird, and then its mother would go to it and feed it there.

The boys were very much interested in this plan, and immediately began to pull up dried grass to form the nest. In due time a kind of bed sufficient for the purpose, was made in a crotch of the tree, pretty low down, and the little bird placed upon it.

'Now,' said Gertrude, 'let's go off a little way and see if the old bird will come and take care of it.'

The boys, who in the mean time had taken quite a strong interest in the system of operations which Gertrude had proposed for saving the poor bird, now went along the path a little way, with Gertrude, to

---

watch the result. To their great joy they saw that the old bird went at once to the spot.

‘Yes!’ exclaimed Gertrude, clapping her hands joyfully. ‘Yes! She has found it,—and now she will feed it and take care of it till it gets big enough to fly. And so this summer we shall have one more bird to sing in the woods, and to eat up the mosquitoes. You have done a great deal of good, and I am very much obliged to you for helping me.’

So saying, all three of the children walked along the path together to school.

Now, the important point in this story is that the chief good which Gertrude effected by interposing, as she did, to save the bird, or rather to make the boys feel kindly towards it, and take pleasure themselves in trying to save it, was not in the better feelings which she awakened in them *at the time*, but in the tendency which she established in their minds to feel kindly towards unfortunate animals for a long time afterwards. You see, if they were to find another bird out of its nest the next day, they would be much more likely to have a feeling of compassion for it arise in their minds, on account of the feeling of compassion which Gertrude was the means of awakening in them on this occasion. They would not be *certain* to feel compassion, it is true, but they would certainly be more likely to feel it.

Thus you see that Gertrude managed the affair in such a way as not only to displace the wrong feeling, but also to awaken instead of it *the right one*. A person might, in such a case, displace the wrong one, and only awaken another wrong one instead. For instance, if a man of stern and severe cast of character had come by and had sharply rebuked the children, and told them that they were very wicked boys to be willing to torment in that way a poor little bird and its mother, he would, no doubt, have displaced from their minds the feeling of interest in hitting the bird as a mark, by turning their thoughts into another channel, but he would have replaced this feeling, not by a feeling of love for the bird, and a desire to save it, but only by vexation and anger against himself. And so he would have done comparatively little good, and, perhaps, no good at all.

So in all the efforts which older brothers and sisters make to do good to the younger children, they must not be satisfied with merely rebuking and repressing feelings that are wrong, but they must endeavour to awaken right feelings in their place.

Now, although I do not suppose that Eugene understood the philosophy of this process very well, still he had a feeling that what he had to do to cure Billy of his love of mischief, was to begin to lead him gently and cautiously to taste the

pleasure of doing good, and this was what he was now doing.

When the handles were all ready, Billy asked where the brushes were that were to be put into them. Eugene said that they were for new brushes—some that he was going to buy.

‘Because you see,’ said he, ‘when I am painting pictures for my panorama, I require a good many different brushes—one for each different colour that I am using. And some of my old brushes, too, are worn out.’

After some farther conversation, Billy offered to go out and buy the brushes, if Eugene would like to have him do it. Eugene was quite pleased with this proposition; and so he gave Billy the money for the purchase, and also gave him the necessary instructions. Billy returned in due time, having transacted the business in a very correct and satisfactory manner.

Eugene then showed him what he called his panorama, which consisted of a roll of paper only a few inches wide, but very long, and full of pictures. When Eugene showed his panorama, he held it before him and unrolled it from one hand, and as fast as he unrolled it, rolled it up in the other. He painted all the pictures himself. He painted them in short strips, which were easy to manage, and then when any strip was finished, he would gum it on carefully at the end of what he had done before.



He had been engaged upon this panorama so long, and had added so many strips to it, one after another, that the whole, when unrolled, extended almost across the room.

Billy was extremely pleased with this 'panorarmy,' as he called it, and said that he wished that *he* could paint such pictures. Eugene at once proposed that he should try.

'Don't you know some little girl or boy that would like a picture, if you could paint her one?' said he.

Billy thought a moment, and then he said that his cousin Ann would like one very much.

'Very good,' said Eugene. 'Then you shall paint one for your cousin Ann. How old is she?'

'Oh, I don't know how old she is,' said Billy, 'she's a little thing; but she likes pictures.'

So Eugene made a drawing of a house, with chimney and smoke and some trees. This made five colours that Billy had to put on, since the house was to be painted yellow, with red chimneys, and the trees, of course, green, and the sky blue, and a dark brown was to be used for the smoke.

Painting was new work for Billy, it is true, and he did not keep very strictly to the boundaries fixed for the different colours by the outline sketch that Eugene had drawn for him, but the picture, when it was finished, was very bright and showy,

and very well calculated to delight little Ann when she should come to see it.

Billy, too, while he was making the picture, enjoyed very much the thought that she *would be* delighted with it; and thus he had a new experience of the pleasure of doing good, and a new lesson to teach him how much better it was to exercise ingenuity in contriving means to give children pleasure—than for the purpose of teasing and troubling them, and giving them pain.

The result of Billy's visit to Eugene was thus a very successful specimen of a work of art. I do not refer in this to the picture as a specimen of the art of painting in water-colours—though this was done very well, considering the circumstances, and was extremely well adapted to the purpose—but to the art of changing the heart of a boy from a love of doing evil to a love of doing good. This art is as much superior to that of painting as the value of happiness for the heart is superior to that of pretty colours for the eye.

When Billy had finished his picture, he was very impatient to go at once and show it to his cousin. So he bade Eugene good-bye.

‘Good-bye, Eugene,’ said he.

‘Good-bye, Billy,’ said Eugene.

‘No,’ he added, immediately correcting himself, ‘I must not call you Billy any more. I must call you William, as the boys did in the story.’

Billy looked pleased to hear this, but did not answer.

‘So good-bye, William,’ said Eugene.

‘Good-bye, Eugene,’ said William. And so he went away.

After this William, as we must now call him, went quite frequently to Eugene’s room to see his things, and to watch the various operations that Eugene was engaged in from time to time. One day he asked Eugene if he might not bring his cousin to see his things. Eugene very readily gave permission, and in a few days Ann came. She seemed somewhat afraid when she first came into the room. This was partly because it was a strange place, which she had never been in before, and partly because she considered Eugene’s room as a kind of sick room. But she soon began to feel at home, and she spent an hour there very pleasantly. She was extremely interested in seeing Eugene’s things ; but what delighted her most of all was the panorama.

THE END.

## HODDER & STOUGHTON'S Books for Young People.

*"A man who is not at home among the titles of Books and qualities of Authors, could not do better than bear in mind that the delightful, pure, and well-written stories published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are amongst the best that can be put in the hands of young people—and their elders."*  
—SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

I.

*Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.*

NELLY CHANNEL.

With Four Illustrations.

II.

*Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

With Eight Illustrations.

III.

*New and Cheaper Edition. 11th Thousand. 3s. 6d.*

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

With Frontispiece.

*"A pretty and well-written story."—Athenæum.*

*"One of the most charming and exquisitely-told tales that we ever had the pleasure of perusing."—Literary World.*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS' NEW BOYS'  
BOOK.

*Price 5s., handsomely bound.*

SHORE AND SEA.

Stories of the Great Vikings and Sea Captains.

*By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

By MRS. HALL.

*Crown 8vo, elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.*

**NOBLE, BUT NOT THE NOBLEST.**

With Illustrations.

*Price 1s. each, nicely bound, with Frontispiece.*

**I. THE WHITE ROSE OF DEERHAM.**

**II. GABRIELLA ; or, the Spirit of Song.**

**III. THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE  
GIPSY GIRL ; and The Light of the World.**

**THE LITTLE PRINTER BOY.**

*By VICOMTESSE DE KERKADEC.*

"The stories are exceedingly fresh and interesting, and the general get-up of these little books reflects great credit upon all concerned."  
—*Fireside.*

By THE AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD."

I.

**THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD.**

"One of the sweetest and freshest juvenile stories ever written."—  
*S. S. World.*

II.

*With Frontispiece, 1s. 6d., cloth.*

**THE LITTLE PREACHER.**

By L. T. MEADE.

AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I," "WATER GIPSIES," ETC.

I.

*In crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.*

**HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.**

With Six Illustrations.

II.

*In crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s 6d.*

**HERMIE'S ROSEBUDS.**

And other Stories. With Two Illustrations.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

*In Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.*

**FROM POWDER - MONKEY TO  
ADMIRAL. A Story of Naval Adventure.**

With Eight Illustrations.

With an Introduction of Dr. MACAULAY, Editor of  
*The Leisure Hour*, etc.

*Cloth, gilt edges. Price 5s.*

**JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE  
SUPERCARGO.**

The Story of his Adventures Ashore and Afloat.

Eight Illustrations and Portrait of the Author.

\*• *The Portrait and Memoir of the Author included in this volume  
will give it a special value in the eyes of his many admirers.*

"It is full of adventures of all kinds, and will be delightful for boys."  
—*Scotsman*.

*Fifth Thousand. Five Illustrations. 5s.*

**HENRICKS THE HUNTER;**

Or, The Border Farm. A Tale of Zululand.

"A delightful book of travel and adventure."—*Athenæum*.

*Third Thousand. Eight Illustrations. 5s.*

**PETER TRAWL;**

Or, The Adventures of a Whaler.

"A manly sort of book, with a good deal of information in it as  
well as the adventures which boys love."—*Athenæum*.

*Eighth Thousand. 3s. 6d.*

**CLARA MAYNARD;**

Or, The True and the False. A Tale for the  
Times.

"A very charming love story, told with singular grace and power."  
—*Standard*.

*Cheap Edition. Eighth Thousand. Cloth, 2s. 6d.*

**JOVINIAN;**

A Tale of Early Papal Rome.

"A very charming story. The young will be delighted with it."  
—*Public Opinion*.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

By MRS. G. S. REANEY.

I.

*Elegantly bound, 5s.*

**DAISY SNOWFLAKE'S SECRET.**

A Story of English Home Life.

"Winning in style, pure and earnest in tone, and of commanding interest."—*Daily Review*.

II.

*Handsomely bound. Cloth, 1s. 6d.*

**MORNING THOUGHTS FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.**

"Mrs. Reaney's writings are happily well-known. Never has she written more wisely or more beautifully than here. These morning thoughts for a month will win their way to many hearts."—*Freeman*.

III.

*Fifth Thousand. Cloth, 3s. 6d.*

**OUR DAUGHTERS:**

Their Lives Here and Hereafter.

"A thoroughly wise and helpful book."—*Christian*.

IV.

*Elegantly Bound. 3s. 6d.*

**OUR BROTHERS AND SONS.**

"One of her best books, written in excellent English, and with a racy, earnest pen."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

---

**MRS. REANEY'S SHILLING SERIES.**

*Now ready, price 1s. each, tastefully bound in cloth.*

**Found at Last.**

**Little Glory's Mission.**

**Unspoken Addresses.**

**Number Four, and other Stories.**

**Chippings.**

"Good little books in Mrs. Reaney's very best style. We hope they will sell by hundreds of thousands."—*Sword and Trowel*.

---

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW







5

